

John Morice.



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Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

THE

DRAMATICK WRITINGS

OF

WILL. SHAKSPERE,

With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

PRINTED COMPLETE FROM THE BEST EDITIONS OF

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Fifth.

CONTAINING

MEASURE for MEASURE.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

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Bell's Edition.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

Passages omitted in Representation, are distinguished by inverted Commas, thus ".

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

MDCCLXXXV.

MEASURE for MEASURE.

WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

MEASURE for MEASURE.

THE story is taken from *Cinthio's Novels*, Decad. 8. Novel 5. POPE.

There is perhaps not one of Shakspere's plays more darkened than this by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription. JOHNSON.

This story was attempted for the scene before our author was fourteen years old, by one George Whetstone, in *Two Comical Discourses*, as they are called, containing the right excellent and famous history of Promos and Cassandra, printed with the black letter, 1578. The author going that year with sir Humphrey Gilbert to Norimbega, left them with his friends to publish. THEOBALD.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of Cynthio, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that Cynthio was not the author whom Shakspere immediately followed. The emperor in Cynthio is named Maximine; the duke, in Shakspere's enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called Vincentio. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called Vincentio among the *persons*, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head

of

of the list by the mere habit of transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of Vincentio, duke of Vienna, different from that of Maximine, emperor of the Romans.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of Claudio; for he must have learned the story of Mariana in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved. JOHNSON.

The Fable of Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*. 1578.

"The Argument of the whole *Historye*."

"In the cyttie of *Julio* (sometimes under the dominion of *Corvinus*, kynge of *Hungarie* and *Boemia*) there was a lawe, that what man soever committed adultery, should lose his head, and the woman offender should wear some disguised apparel, during her life, to make her infamously noted. This severe lawe, by the favour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded, untill the time of lord *Promos* authoritye: who convicting a young gentleman named *Andrugio* of incontinency, condemned, both him and his minion, to the execution of this statute. *Andrugio* had a very virtuous and beautiful gentlewoman to his sister, named *Cassandra*: *Cassandra*, to enlarge her brother's life, submitted an humble petition to the lord *Promos*: *Promos* regarding her good behaviours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke: and doyng good, that evill might come thereof: for a time he repryv'd her brother: but wicked man, tourning his liking into unlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour, raunsome

raunsome for her brother's life: chaste *Cassandra*, abhorryng both him and his sute, by no persuasion would yeald to this raunsome. But in fine, wonne with the importunitye of her brother (pleading for life): upon these conditions, she agreed to *Promos*. First, that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. *Promos* as fearlesse in promisse, as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygned her conditions: but worse then any infydell, his will satissfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other: for to keepe his aucthoritye, unspotted with favour, and to prevent *Cassandrae's* clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly, to present *Cassandra* with her brother's head. The gayler, with the outcryes of *Andrugio* (abhorryng *Promos* lewdenes) by the providence of God, provided thus for his safety. He presented *Cassandra* with a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gayler, who was set at libertie) was so agreeved at this trecherye, that at the point to kyl her self, she spared that stroke, to be avenged of *Promos*. And devysing a way, she concluded, to make her fortunes knowne unto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly favoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on *Promos*: whose judgement was, to marrye *Cassandra*, to repaire her crased honour: which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This marryage solempnised, *Cassandra* tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendringe the generall benefit of the cōmon weale, before her speeial ease, although he favoured her much) would not graunt her sute. *Andrugio* (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the griefe of his sister, bewrayde his safety, and craved pardon. The kinge, to renowne the vertues of *Cassandra*, pardoned both him, and *Promos*. The circumstances of this rare historye, in action livelye foloweth."

Whetstone, however, has not afforded a very correct analysis of his play, which contains a mixture of comic scenes, between a Bawd, a Pimp, Felons, &c. together with some serious situations which are not described. STEEVENS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*
ANGELO, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*
ESCALUS, *an ancient Lord, joined with Angelo in the deputation.*
CLAUDIO, *a young Gentleman.*
LUCIO, *a Fantastick.*
" *Two other like Gentlemen.*
" *VARRIUS, a Gentleman, Servant to the Duke.*"
Provost.
THOMAS, } *two Friars.*
PETER, }
" *A Justice.*"
ELBOW, *a simple Constable.*
" FROTH, *a foolish Gentleman.*"
Clown, Servant to Mrs. Over-done.
ABHORSON, *an Executioner.*
BARNARDINE, *a dissolute Prisoner.*

WOMEN.

ISABELLA, *Sister to Claudio.*
MARIANA, *betrothed to Angelo.*
JULIET, *beloved of Claudio.*
FRANCISCA, *a Nun.*
Mistress OVER-DONE, *a Bawd.*

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Vienna.*

* Varrius might be omitted, for he is only once spoken to, and says nothing *Johnson.*



MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace. Enter Duke, ESCALUS, *and Lords.*

Duke.

ESCALUS,——

Escal. My lord.

Duke. Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;
Since I am put to know, that your own science,
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: "Then no more remains,
"But that your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
"And let them work." The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
For common justice, you are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember: There is our commission,
From which we would not have you warp.—Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.—
What figure of us think you he will bear?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;
Lent him our terror, drest him with our love:
And given his deputation all the organs
Of our own power: What think you of it?

Escal. If any in Vienna be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is lord Angelo.

Enter ANGELO.

Duke. Look where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,
There is a kind of character in thy life
That, to the observer, doth thy history
Fully unfold: Thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues, them on thee.
Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do;
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use. But I do bend my speech

To

To one that can my part in him advertise:
Hold therefore Angelo:
In our remove, be thou at full ourself:
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart: Old Escalus,
Though first in question, is thy secondary.
Take thy commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. "No more evasion:"
We have with a leaven'd and prepared choice
Proceeded to you: therefore take your honours.
"Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
"That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
"Matters of needful value." We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:
To the hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet, give leave, my lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple: your scope is as mine own
So to inforce, or qualify the laws,
As to your soul seems good. "Give me your hand;"
I'll privily away: I love the people,

But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave*'s vehement;
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heavens give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness! 79

Duke. I thank you: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; " and it concerns me
" To look into the bottom of my place:"
A power I have; but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me:—Let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour. [*Exeunt.*

" *SCENE II.*

" *The Street.* *Enter* LUCIO, *and two Gentlemen.*

" *Lucio.* If the duke, with the other dukes, come
" not to composition with the king of Hungary, why,
" then all the dukes fall upon the king.

" 1 *Gent.* Heaven grant us its peace, but not the
" king of Hungary's!

" 2 *Gent.* Amen.

" *Lucio.*

" *Lucio.* Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious " pirate, that went to sea with the ten command- " ments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

" 2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal?

" *Lucio.* Ay, that he raz'd.

" 1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a commandment to command " the captain and all the rest from their functions; " they put forth to steal: There's not a soldier of us " all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth " relish the petition well that prays for peace.

" 2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

" *Lucio.* I believe thee; for, I think, thou never " wast where grace was said.

" 2 *Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

" 1 *Gent.* What, in metre?

" *Lucio.* In any proportion, or in any language.

" 1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

" *Lucio.* Ay! why not? Grace is grace, despight " of all controversy: As for example; Thou thyself " art a wicked villain, despight of all grace.

" 1 *Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of sheers be- " tween us.

" *Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists " and the velvet: Thou art the list.

" 1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good vel- " vet; thou art a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: " I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be " pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do " I speak feelingly now?

" *Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most

" painful

" painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine
" own confession, learn to begin thy health; but,
" whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

" 1 *Gent.* I think, I have done myself wrong; have
" I not?

" 2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art
" tainted, or free.

" *Lucio.* Behold, behold, where madam Mitigation
" comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under
" her roof, as come to—

" 2 *Gent.* To what, I pray?

" 1 *Gent.* Judge.

" 2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

" 1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

" *Lucio.* A French crown more.

" 1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me:
" but thou art full of error; I am sound.

" *Lucio.* Nay, not, as one would say, healthy; but
" so sound, as things that are hollow: thy bones are
" hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee.

" *Enter Bawd.*

" 1 *Gent.* How now? Which of your hips has the
" most profound sciatica?

" *Bawd.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested,
" and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of
" you all.

" 1. *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee?

" *Bawd.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, signior Claudio.

" 1 *Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

" *Bawd.*

" *Bawd.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrest-
" ed; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more,
" within these three days his head is to be chopp'd off.
" *Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have
" it so? Art thou sure of this?
" *Bawd.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting
" madam Julietta with child.
" *Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promised to
" meet me two hours since; and he was ever precise
" in promise-keeping.
" 2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something
" near to the speech we had to such a purpose.
" 1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the pro-
" clamation.
" *Lucio.* Away; let's go learn the truth of it.
" [*Exeunt.*

" *Manet Bawd.*

" *Bawd.* Thus, what with the war, what with the
" sweat, what with the gallows, and what with po-
" verty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's
" the news with you?

" *Enter Clown.*

" *Clown.* Yonder man is carry'd to prison.
" *Bawd.* Well; what has he done?
" *Clown.* A woman.
" *Bawd.* But what's his offence?
" *Clown.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.
" *Bawd.* What, is there a maid with child by him?
" *Clown.*

" *Clown.* No; but there's a woman with maid by
" him: You have not heard of the proclamation, have
" you? 181

" *Bawd.* What proclamation, man?

" *Clown.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must
" be pluck'd down.

" *Bawd.* And what shall become of those in the city?

" *Clown.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone
" down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

" *Bawd.* But shall all our houses of resort in the
" suburbs be pull'd down?

" *Clown.* To the ground, mistress.

" *Bawd.* Why here's a change, indeed, in the com-
" monwealth! What shall become of me? 192

" *Clown.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors
" lack no clients: though you change your place, you
" need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster
" still. Courage: there will be pity taken on you:
" you that have worn your eyes almost out in the
" service, you will be considered.

" *Bawd.* What's to do here, Thomas Tapster?
" Let's withdraw.

" *Clown.* Here comes signior Claudio, led by the
" provost to prison? and there's madam Juliet. 202

" [*Exeunt Bawd and Clown.*"

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, *and Officers;* LUCIO *and two Gentlemen.*

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou shew me thus to the world?
Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord Angelo by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the demi-god, authority,
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why, how now, Claudio? whence comes this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint: Our natures do pursue
(Like rats that ravin down their proper bane)
A thirsty evil; and, when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I would send for certain of my creditors: And yet, to say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom, as the morality of imprisonment.—What's thy offence, Claudio?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is it? murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Lechery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, sir; you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:—Lucio, a word with you.

Lucio. A hundred, if they'll do you any good.—
Is lechery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me,—Upon a true contract,
I got possession of Julietta's bed;
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order: this we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on Juliet.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.
And the new deputy now for the duke,—
Whether it be the fault and glimpse of newness;
Or whether that the body public be
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, let's it straight feel the spur:
Whether the tyranny be in his place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—But this new governor

Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long, that nineteen zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me:—'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is: and thy head stands so tickle on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after the duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found. I pr'ythee, Lucio, do me this kind service: This day my sister should the cloister enter, And there receive her approbation: Acquaint her with the danger of my state: Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him; I have great hope in that: for in her youth There is a prone and speechless dialect, Such as moves men; beside, she hath prosperous art When she will play with reason and discourse, And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may: as well for the encouragement of the like, "which else would stand under "grievous imposition;" as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend Lucio.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A Monastery. Enter Duke and Friar THOMAS.

Duke. No; holy father; throw away that thought;—
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a complete bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy sir, none better knows than you
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord Angelo
(A man of stricture, and firm abstinence)
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,
And he supposes me travelled to Poland;
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: Now, pious sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict statutes, and most biting laws
(The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds;)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;

Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: Now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than feared: so our decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And liberty plucks justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your grace
To unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord Angelo.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful:
Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
For what I bid them do: For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
I have on Angelo impos'd the office;
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,
"And yet, my nature never in the sight
"To do it slander:" And to behold his sway,
I will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both prince and people: therefore, I pr'ythee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear me
Like a true friar More reasons for this action,

At our more leisure shall I render you;
Only, this one:—Lord Angelo is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: Hence shall we see,
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE V.

A Nunnery. Enter ISABELLA *and* FRANCISCA.

Isab. And have you nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?
Isab. Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring more;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of saint Clare.
Lucio. [*Within*] Ho! Peace be in this place!
Isab. Who's that which calls?
Nun. It is a man's voice: Gentle Isabella,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn:
When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the prioress:
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.
He calls again; I pray you answer him.
[*Exit* FRANCISCA.
"*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that calls?"

Enter

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, if you be; as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother Claudio?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask;
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that Isabella, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Woe me! For what?

Lucio. For that, which, if myself might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks:
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (though 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so:
I hold you as a thing ensky'd, and sainted:
"By your renouncement, an immortal spirit;"
And to be talked with in sincerity,
As with a saint.

"*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

"*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth, 'tis thus:
"Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

" As those that feed grow full; as blossoming time
" That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
" To teeming foyson; so her plenteous womb
" Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry."

Isab. Some one with child by him?—My cousin Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names,
By vain though apt affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her!

Lucio. This is the point.
The duke is very strangely gone from hence;
" Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
" In hand, and hope of action: but we do learn
" By those that know the very nerves of state,
" His givings-out were of an infinite distance
" From his true-meant design." Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord Angelo; A man whose blood
Is very snow-broth; " one who never feels
" The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
" But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
" With profits of the mind, study and fast."
He " (to give fear to use and liberty,
" Which have, for long, run by the hideous law,
" As mice by lions)" hath pick'd out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;

And

And follows close the rigour of the statute,
To make him an example: all hope is gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften Angelo: and that's my pith
Of business 'twixt you and your poor brother.
Isab. Doth he so seek his life?
Lucio. Has censur'd him
Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath
A warrant for his execution.
Isab. Alas! what poor ability's in me
To do him good?
Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Isab. My power! Alas! I doubt,—
Lucio. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt: Go to lord Angelo,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.
Isab. I'll see what I can do.
Lucio. But, speedily.
Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.
Lucio. I take my leave of you.
Isab. Good sir, adieu.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANGELO's *House.* *Enter* ANGELO, ESCALUS, *a Justice, Provost, and Attendants.*

Angelo.

We must not make a scare-crow of the law;
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, till custom make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death: Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father.
Let but your honour know, (whom I believe
To be most strait in virtue)
" That, in the working of your own affections,
" Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
" Or that the resolute acting of your blood
" Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose,"
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall. " I not deny,
" The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
" May, in the sworn twelve, have a thief or two
" Guiltier than him they try: What's open made to justice,

" That

" That justice seizes. What know the laws,
" That thieves do pass on thieves? 'Tis very pregnant,
" The jewel that we find, we stoop and take it,
" Because we see it; but what we do not see,
" We tread upon, and never think of it."
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I that censure him do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Escal. Be it, as your wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the provost?

Prov. Here, if it like your honour.

Ang. See that Claudio
Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:
Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage. [*Exit Prov.*

Escal. Well, heaven forgive him! and forgive us all!
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run from brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

" *Enter* ELBOW, FROTH, *Clown, Officers, &c.*

" *Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good
" people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use
" their abuses in common houses, I know no law:
" bring them away.

" *Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and
" what's the matter?

" *Elb.*

" *Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor
" duke's constable, and my name is Elbow; I do lean
" upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your
" good honour two notorious benefactors.

" *Ang.* Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are
" they? are they not malefactors?

" *Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well
" what they are: but precise villains they are, that I
" am sure of; and void of all profanation in the
" world, that good christians ought to have. 59

" *Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

" *Ang.* Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow
" is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow?

" *Clown.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

" *Ang.* What are you, sir?

" *Elb.* He, sir? a tapster, sir; parcel-bawd; one
" that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was,
" as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now
" she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very
" ill house too.

" *Escal.* How know you that?

" *Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven
" and your honour,— 71

" *Escal.* How! thy wife?

" *Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest
" woman;—

" *Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

" *Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well
" as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house,
" it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

" *Escal.*

" *Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable? 80
" *Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had
" been a woman cardinally given, might have been
" accused in fornication, adultery, and all unclean-
" ness there.
" *Escal.* By the woman's means?
" *Elb.* Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means: but
" as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.
" *Clown.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.
" *Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou ho-
" nourable man, prove it. 90
" *Escal.* Do you hear how he misplaces?
[*To* ANGELO.
" *Clown.* Sir, she came in great with child; and
" longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd
" prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at
" that very distant time stood as it were, in a fruit-
" dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours
" have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes,
" but very good dishes. 98
" *Escal.* Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.
" *Clown.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are
" therein in the right: but, to the point: As I say,
" this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and
" being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for
" prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said,
" master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the
" rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very
" honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could
" not give you three pence again.

" *Froth.*

" *Froth.* No, indeed.

" *Clown.* Very well: you being then, if you be re-
" membered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

" *Froth.* Ay, so I did, indeed.

" *Clown.* Why, very well: I telling you then, if
" you be remember'd, that such a one, and such a one,
" were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they
" kept very good diet, as I told you."

" *Froth.* All this is true.

" *Clown.* Why, very well then.

" *Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the pur-
" pose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he
" hath cause to complain of? come me to what was
" done to her.

" *Clown.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

" *Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

" *Clown.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your
" honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into
" master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound
" a year; whose father dy'd at Hallowmas:—Was't
" not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

" *Froth.* All-hollond eve.

" *Clown.* Why, very well: I hope here be truths!
" He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—
" 'twas in the *Bunch of grapes*, where, indeed, you
" have a delight to sit, have you not?

" *Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and
" good for winter.

" *Clown.* Why, very well then;—I hope here be
" truths.

" *Ang.*

" *Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia,
" When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,
" And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
" Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.
" *Escal.* I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship. [*Exit* ANGELO.
" Now, sir, come on: What was done to Elbow's
" wife, once more?
" *Clown.* Once, sir? there was nothing done to her
" once.
" *Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man
" did to my wife.
" *Clown.* I beseech your honour, ask me.
" *Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?
" *Clown.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentle-
" man's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his
" honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your ho-
" nour mark his face?
" *Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.
" *Clown.* Nay, I beseech you mark it well.
" *Escal.* Well, I do so.
" *Clown.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?
" *Escal.* Why, no.
" *Clown.* I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is
" the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face
" be the worst thing about him, how could master
" Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would
" know that of your honour.
" *Escal.* He's in the right: constable, what say you
" to it?

" *Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respect-
" ed house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his
" mistress is a respected woman.

" *Clown.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more res-
" pected person than any of us all.

" *Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet:
" the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected
" with man, woman, or child.

" *Clown.* Sir, she was respected with him before he
" marry'd with her.

" *Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Ini-
" quity?—Is this true?

" *Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked
" Hannibal! I respected with her, before I was mar-
" ry'd to her? If ever I was respected with her, or
" she with me, let not your worship think me the poor
" duke's officer:—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal,
" or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

" *Escal.* If he took you a box o' the ear, you might
" have your action of slander too.

" *Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it:
" What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with
" this wicked caitiff?

" *Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some offen-
" ces in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou
" couldst, let him continue in his courses, till thou
" know'st what they are.

" *Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou
" seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon
" thee;

" thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou
" art to continue.

" *Escal.* Where were you born, friend?

[*To* FROTH.

" *Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

" *Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

" *Froth.* Yes, and't please you, sir.

" *Escal.* So.—What trade are you of, sir?

[*To the Clown.*

" *Clown.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

" *Escal.* Your mistress's name?

" *Clown.* Mistress Overdone.

" *Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband?

" *Clown.* Nine, sir; Over-done by the last.

" *Escal.* Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth.
" Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted
" with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth,
" and you will hang them: Get you gone, and let
" me hear no more of you.

" *Froth.* I thank your worship: For mine own part,
" I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I
" am drawn in.

" *Escal.* Well; no more of it, master Froth: fare-
" wel.—Come you hither to me, master Tapster;
" what's your name, master Tapster?

" *Clown.* Pompey.

" *Escal.* What else?

" *Clown.* Bum, sir.

" *Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing
" about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are

" Pompey the great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd,
" Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being tapster;
" Are you not? come, tell me true; it shall be the
" better for you.

" *Clown.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

" *Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being
" a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey?
" is it a lawful trade? 232

" *Clown.* If the law will allow it, sir.

" *Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey;
" nor it shall not be allowed in Vienna.

" *Clown.* Does your worship mean to geld and spay
" all the youth in the city? 238

" *Escal.* No, Pompey?

" *Clown.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will
" to't then: If your worship will take order for the
" drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

" *Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can
" tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

" *Clown.* If you head and hang all that offend that
" way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give
" out a commission for more heads. If this law hold
" in Vienna ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it,
" after three pence a bay: If you live to see this come
" to pass, say, Pompey told you so. 249

" *Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey: and in re-
" quital of your prophecy, hark you,—I advise you,
" let me not find you before me again upon any com-
" plaint whatsoever, no, not for dwelling where you
" do; if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent,

" and

" and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing,
" Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time,
" Pompey, fare you well.

" *Clown.* I thank your worship for your good coun-
" sel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune
" shall better determine.

" Whip me? No, no: let carman whip his jade;
" The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*

" *Escal.* Come hither to me, master Elbow; come
" hither, master constable. How long have you been
" in this place of constable?

" *Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

" *Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office,
" you had continued in it some time: You say, seven
" years together?

" *Elb.* And a half, sir.

" *Escal.* Alas! it hath been great pains to you! they
" do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: Are there
" not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

" *Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters:
" as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for
" them; I do it for some piece of money, and go
" through with all.

" *Escal.* Look you, bring me in the names of some
" six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

" *Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

" *Escal.* To my house: Fare you well.
" What's a clock, think you

" *Just.* Eleven, sir.

" *Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

" *Just.* I humbly thank you.
" *Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio;
" But there's no remedy.
" *Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.
" *Escal.* It is but needful:
" Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so;
" Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
" But yet,—Poor Claudio!—There's no remedy.
" Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE II.

" ANGELO's *house.* *Enter Provost, and a Servant.*

" *Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
" I'll tell him of you.
" *Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant*] I'll know
" His pleasure; may be, he will relent: Alas,
" He hath but as offended in a dream!
" All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
" To die for it!—

" *Enter* ANGELO.

" *Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost?"
Prov. Is it your will Claudio should die to-morrow?
Ang. Did I not tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov.

Prov. Lest I might be too rash:
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine:
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your honour's pardon.—
What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place; and that with speed.

[*Re-enter Servant.*]

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well, let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*
" See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
" Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
" There shall be order for it."

Enter LUCIO *and* ISABELLA.

" *Prov.* Save your honour!"

Ang. " Stay yet a while."— [*To* ISAB.] You are welcome: What's your will?

Isab.

Isab. I am a woeful suitor to your honour,
Please but your honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice, that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heaven give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done:
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour.

Lucio. [*To* Isab.] Giv't not o'er so: to him again, intreat him;
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown;
You are too cold: if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it:
To him I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think that you might pardon him,
And neither heaven, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you, if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

"*Lucio.* You are too cold. [*To* ISABELLA."

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.
If he had been as you, and you as he,
You would have slipt, like him; but he, like you,
Would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. [*Aside.*] Ay, touch him: there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found

Found out the remedy: How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that,
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid:
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? Oh, that's sudden! Spare him,
spare him;
"He's not prepar'd for death! Even for our kitchens
"We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heaven
"With less respect than we do minister
"To our gross selves?" Good, good my lord, bethink
you:
Who is it that hath died for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, though it hath
slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did the edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed: "now, 'tis awake;
"Takes note of what is done; and, like a prophet,
"Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
"(Either now, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,
"And so in progress to be hatch'd and born)
"Are now to have no successive degrees,
"But, ere they live, to end."

Isab.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those I do not know,
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder; nothing but thunder.——
Merciful heaven!
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man, proud man,
(Drest in a little brief authority;
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence) like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heaven,
As make the angels weep; "who, with our spleens,
"Would all themselves laugh mortal.

"*Lucio.* Oh, to him, to him, wench: he will relent,
"He's coming; I perceiv't."

Prov. Pray heaven she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with ourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul profanation.

" *Lucio.* Thou'rt in the right, girl; more o' that.

" *Isab.* That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
" Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

" *Lucio.* Art advis'd o' that? more on't."

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, though it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,
That skins the vice o' the top: Go to your bosom;
Knock there; and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault: if it confess
A natural guiltiness such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang. [*Aside.*] She speaks, and 'tis
Such sense, that my sense breeds with it. [*To* Isab.]
Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me:—Come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you: " Good my lord,
turn back."

Ang. How! bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heaven shall share
with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all, else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rates are either rich, or poor,

As

As fancy values them: but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heaven, and enter there,
Ere sun-rise; prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well, come to me to-morrow.

"*Lucio.* Go to; 'tis well; [*Aside to* ISAB.] away."

Isab. Heaven keep your honour safe!

Ang. Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation, [*Aside.*
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour! [*Exeunt* LUCIO *and* ISAB.

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue!—
What's this? what's this? Is this her fault, or mine?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most? Ha!
Not she; nor doth she tempt: but it is I,
That lying, by the violet, in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense
Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there? Oh, fie, fie, fie!
What dost thou? or what art thou, Angelo?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:

Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes? "what is't I dream on?"
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue: never could the strumpet,
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite:—Ever, till now,
When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Prison. Enter Duke, habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. Hail to you, provost! so, I think, you are.

Prov. I am the provost: What's your will, good friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my bless'd order,
I come to visit the afflicted spirits
Here in the prison: do me the common right
To let me see them; and to make me know
The nature of their crimes, that I may minister
To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were needful.

Enter JULIET.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman "of mine,
"Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
"Hath blister'd her report:" She is with child;
And he that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
More fit to do another such offence,
Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.—
I have provided for you; stay a while, [*To* JULIET.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?

Juliet. I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you how you shall arraign your conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed?

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so daughter: But lest you do repent,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,—

" Which sorrow is always towards ourselves, not heaven;
" Shewing, we would not spare heaven, as we love it,
" But as we stand in fear.—"

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.
Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him:
Grace go with you! *benedicite.* [*Exit.*

" *Juliet.* Must die to-morrow! Oh, injurious love,
" That respites me a life, whose very comfort
" Is still a dying horror!

" *Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE IV.

ANGELO's *House.* *Enter* ANGELO.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To several subjects: heaven hath my empty words;
Whilst my intention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel: Heaven is in my mouth,
" As if I did but only chew its name;"
And in my heart, the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception: The state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,

Could

Could I, with boot, change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. Oh place! oh form!
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming? "Blood, thou art but blood:
"Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
"'Tis not the devil's crest."

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One Isabel, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. [*Solus.*] Oh heavens!
Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
"Making both it unable for itself,
"And dispossessing all my other parts
"Of necessary fitness?
"So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
"Come all to help him, and so stop the air
"By which he should revive: and even so
"The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
"Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
"Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
"Must needs appear offence."

Enter ISABELLA.

How now, fair maid?

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better please me,

Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Even so?—Heaven keep your honour! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be, As long as you, or I: Yet he must die.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve, Longer, or shorter, he may be so fitted, That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha! Fie, these filthy vices! It were as good To pardon him, that hath from nature stolen A man already made, as to remit Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin heaven's image In stamps that are forbid: "'tis all as easy "Falsely to take away a life true made, "As to put metal in restrained means, "To make a false one."

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not in earth.

Ang. Say you so? then I shall poze you quickly. Which had you rather, That the most just law Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him, Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness, As she that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this, I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; Our compell'd sins Stand more for number than for accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang.

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this,—
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life?

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't, at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heaven, let me bear it! you granting of my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me:
Your sense pursues not mine: either you are ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: "as these black masks
"Proclaim an enshield beauty ten times louder
"Than beauty could displayed."—But mark me;
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question) that you, his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-binding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this supposed, or else let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself:
That is, were I under the terms of death,
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I have been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way:
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. Ignominy in ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses: lawful mercy
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant;

And

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment than a vice.
Isab. O pardon me my lord; it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we mean:
I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.
Ang. We are all frail.
Isab. Else let my brother die,
"If not a feodary, but only he,
"Owe, and succeed by weakness."
Ang. Nay, women are frail too.
Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke as they make forms.
"Women!—Help heaven! men their creation mar
"In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times frail;"
For we are as soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.
Ang. I think it well:
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold,—
I do arrest your words; Be that you are,
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;
If you be one (as you are well express'd
By all external warrants) shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.
Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,

Let

Let me intreat you speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose!—"Seeming, seeming!"—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, Isabel?
My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein:
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite;
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for; redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will;
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out

To

To lingering sufferance: answer me to-morrow,
Or, by the affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him: As for you,
Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.
[*Exit.*

Isab. To whom should I complain? Did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof!
Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;
"Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,
"To follow, as it draws!" I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Prison. Enter Duke, CLAUDIO, and Provost.

Duke.

So, then you hope of pardon from lord Angelo?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
But only hope:
I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,—
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still: Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: Thou art by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm: Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For

" For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
" That issue out of dust:" Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forget'st: " Thou art not certain;
" For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
" After the moon;" If thou art rich, thou art poor;
For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee: Friend hast thou none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee sire,
The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
For ending thee no sooner: Thou hast nor youth, nor age;
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both: for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged, " and doth beg the alms
" Of palsied eld;" and when thou art old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
Lye hid more thousand deaths: yet death we fear,
That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
To sue to live, I find, I seek to die;
And, seeking death, find life: Let it come on.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. What, ho! Peace here; grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? Come in: the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy sir, I thank you.

Isab. My business is a word or two with Claudio.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*

Claud. Now, sister what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are: most good indeed:
Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
Intends you for his swift embassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting leiger:
Therefore your best appointment make with speed;
To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as, to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live;
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,

If

If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till death.
" *Claud.* Perpetual durance?
" *Isab.* Ay, just, perpetual durance; a restraint,
" Though all the world's vastidity you had,
" To a determin'd scope."
Claud. But in what nature?
Isab. In such a one as (you consenting to't)
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.
Claud. Let me know the point.
Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, Claudio: and I quake,
Lest thou a feverous life shoul'dst entertain,
And six or seven winters, more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you I can a resolution fetch
From flowery tenderness; If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.
Isab. There spake my brother? there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice! Yes, thou must die:
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-sainted deputy,—
" Whose settled visage and deliberate word

" Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew,
" As faulcon doth the fowl,"—is yet a devil;
" His filth within being cast, he would appear
" A pond as deep as hell."

Claud. The princely Angelo?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
" The damned'st body to invest and cover
" In princely guards!" Dost thou think, Claudio,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give it thee, for this rank offence,
So to offend him still: This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dear Isabel.

Isab. Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes.—Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it, sure it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he, being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? Oh Isabel!

Isab.

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death is a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we not where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling!—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live:
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. "Oh, you beast!"
Oh, faithless coward! Oh, dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? What should I think?
Heaven shield, my mother play'd my father fair!

For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance:
Die; perish! might but my bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, Isabel.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:
'Tis best that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh, hear me, Isabella.

Re-enter Duke.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will attend you a while.

Duke. [*To* CLAUDIO *aside.*] Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. Angelo had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures: she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial,

denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible: to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon. I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

[*Exit* CLAUD. *Re-enter Provost.*

Duke. Hold you there; Farewel. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. "That now you are come, you will be gone:" Leave me a while with the maid; my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time. [*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good: the goodness, that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo; How would you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him; I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But oh, how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo! if ever he returns, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss: yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only.—Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings; to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe, that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak further: I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick, the great soldier, who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this Angelo have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed; between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befel to the poor gentlewoman: there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry; with both, her "combinate" husband, this well seeming Angelo.

Isab.

Isab. Can this be so? Did Angelo so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which yet she wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death, to take this poor maid from the world! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live!—But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal: and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-named maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands "to the point;" only refer yourself to this advantage,—first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience: this being granted in course, now follows all. We shall advise this wronged maid to stead up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence: and here, by this, is your brother saved,

your

your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already; and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. "It lies much in your holding up:" Haste you speedily to Angelo; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. Luke's; there, at the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana: "at that place "call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it "may be quickly."

Isab. I thank you for this comfort: Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

The street. Re-enter Duke as a Friar, Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elbow. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown, and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heavens! what stuff is here?

"Clown.

"*Clown.* 'Twas never merry world, since, of two "usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worser "allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him "warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to "signify, that craft, being richer than innocency, "stands for the facing."

Elb. Come your way, sir:—Bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father: What offence hath this man made you, sir?

Elb. Marry, sir, he hath offended the law; "and, "sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have "found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we "have sent to the deputy."

Duke. Fie, sirrah; a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou causest to be done,
That is thy means to live: "Do thou but think
"What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
"From such a filthy vice: say, to thyself,—
"From their abominable and beastly touches
"I drink, I eat, array myself, and live."
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending? Go, mend, go, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil hath given thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb.

Elb. He must before the deputy, sir; he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whore-master: if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from all faults, "as faults from seeming free!"

Enter LUCIO.

"*Elb.* His neck will come to your waist, a cord, "sir."

Clown. I spy comfort; I cry bail; here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble Pompey? what, at the heels of Cæsar? art thou led in triumph? What, is there none of Pigmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, "for putting the hand in the "pocket and extracting it clutch'd? what reply? ha? "what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? "Is't not drown'd i' the last rain? ha? what say'st "thou, trot? is the world as it was, man? Which is "the way? is it sad, and few words? or how? the "trick of it?

"*Duke.* Still thus, and thus! still worse!

"*Lucio.*" How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

"*Clown.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, "and she is herself in the tub.

"*Lucio.* Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it "must be so: ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd

powder'd bawd; an unshun'd consequence; it must be "so:" Art going to prison, Pompey?

Clown. Yes, faith, sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, Pompey: farewel; go; say, I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right: Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. Farewel, good Pompey: Commend me to the prison, Pompey: You will turn good husband now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear. I will pray, Pompey, to encrease your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: Adieu, trusty Pompey.—Bless you, friar.

Duke. And you.

"*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey? ha?"

Elb. Come your ways, sir; come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, sir?

Lucio. Then, Pompey? nor now.—What news abroad, friar? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, sir, come.

Lucio. Go,—to kennel, Pompey,—go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown, and Officers.*

What news, friar, of the duke?

Duke. I know none; Can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: But where is he, think you?

Duke. I know not where: but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him, to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after the downright way of creation; Is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him:—Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes:—"But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine "is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is "a motion ungenerative, that's infallible."

Duke. You are pleasant, sir; and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him,

"for the rebellion of a cod-piece, to take away the "life of a man?" Would the duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who? not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty;—and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him: He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely.

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his: A shy fellow was the duke: and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, I pr'ythee, might be the cause?

Lucio. No—pardon;—'tis a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this, I can let you understand,—The greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise? why, no question but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking; the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must, upon a warranted need, give him

a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear, to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier: Therefore, you speak unskilfully; or, if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

Lucio. Come, sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, (as our prayers are he may) let me desire you to make your answer before him: If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. Oh, you hope, the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. But no more of this: Canst thou tell, if Claudio die to-morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, sir?

Lucio.

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish. "I would, the duke, we talk of, were return'd again: "this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province "with continency; sparrows must not build in his "house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke "yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he "would never bring them to light: Would he were "return'd! marry, this Claudio is condemn'd for un-"trussing." Farewel, good friar; I pr'ythee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so. Farewel. [*Exit.*]

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes: What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter ESCALUS, *Provost*, "*Bawd, and Officers.*

"*Escal.* Go, away with her to prison.

"*Bawd.* Good my lord, be good to me; your "honour is accounted a merciful man: good my "lord.

"*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still "forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy "swear, and play the tyrant.

"*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years continuance, may "it please your honour.

" *Bawd.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information
" against me; mistress Kate Keep-down was with
" child by him in the duke's time, he promis'd her
" marriage; his child is a year and quarter old, come
" Philip and Jacob; I have kept it myself; and see,
" how he goes about to abuse me.

" *Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much licence:—
" let him be call'd before us.—Away with her to pri-
" son: Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*"
Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd;
Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd
with divines, and have all charitable preparation: if
my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so
with him.

Prov. So please you, this friar has been with him,
and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, though my chance is
now
To use it for my time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, "lately" come from the see,"
In special business from his holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i' the world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: no-
velty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be
constant in any undertaking. " There is scarce truth
" enough alive, to make societies secure; but security
" enough,

"enough, to make fellowships accurs'd:" Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he given to?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know, how you find Claudio prepar'd? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolved to die.

Escal. You have paid "the heavens your function, "and" the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore of my modesty; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed—justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner: Fare you well. [*Exit.*

Duke. Peace be with you!

He, who the sword of heaven will bear,
Should be as holy as severe;
" Pattern in himself to know,
" Grace to stand, and virtue go;"
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self-offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking!
Twice treble shame on Angelo,
To weed my vice, and let his grow!
Oh, what may man within him hide,
Though angel on the outward side!
" How may that likeness, made in crimes,
" Making practice on the times,
" Draw with idle spiders' strings
" Most ponderous and substantial things!"
Craft against vice I must apply:
With Angelo to-night shall lye
His old betrothed, but despis'd;
So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,
Pay with falshood false exacting,
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Grange. " *Enter* MARIANA, *and Boy singing.*"

" SONG.

" *Take, oh, take those lips away,*
" *That so sweetly were forsworn;*
" *And those eyes, the break of day,*
" *Lights that do mis-lead the morn:*
" *But my kisses bring again,*
" *bring again,*
" *Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,*
" *seal'd in vain.*

" *Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee quick
" away;
" Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
" Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—"

Enter Duke.

" I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish,
" You had not found me here so musical:
" Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
" My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.
" *Duke.* 'Tis good: though musick oft hath such a charm,
" To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
" I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for
" me

" me here to day? much upon this time, have I
" promis'd here to meet.

" *Mari.* You have not been enquir'd after: I have
" sat here all day."

Enter ISABELLA.

" *Duke.* I do constantly believe you:
" The time is come, even now. I shall crave your
" forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you
" anon for some advantage to yourself. "
" *Mari.* I am always bound to you. " [*Exit.*"
Duke. Very well met, and welcome.
What is the news from this good deputy?
Isab. He hath a garden " circumvur'd with
brick,
Whose western side is " with a vineyard back'd;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his opening with this bigger key:
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;
There have I made my promise to call on him,
Upon the heavy middle of the night.
Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this
way?
Isab. I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't!
With whispering and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did shew me
The way twice o'er.
Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab.

Isab. No, none; but only a repair i' the dark;
And that I have possess'd him, my most stay
Can be but brief: for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well borne up.
I have not yet made known to Mariana
A word of this:—What, ho! within! come forth!

"*Re-*"*enter* MARIANA.

I pray you be acquainted with this maid,
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you?

Mari. Good friar, I know you do; and have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear:
I shall attend your leisure; but make haste;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside?

[*Exeunt* MAR. *and* ISAB.

Duke. O place and greatness, millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings! thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream,

And

And rack thee in their fancies!—Welcome: How agreed?

Re-enter MARIANA *and* ISABELLA.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. It is not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract:
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tithe's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Prison. *Enter Provost and Clown.*

Prov. Come hither, sirrah: Can you cut off a man's head?

Clown. If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can: but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

A *Prov.*

Prov. Come, sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine: Here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper: if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves; if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpity'd whipping, for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind; but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What ho, Abhorson! where's Abhorson, there?

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Do you call, sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: "if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here "with you; if not, use him for the present, and "dismiss him:" he cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mistery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a

hanging look) do you call, sir, your occupation a mistery?

Abhor. Ay, sir; a mistery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mistery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mistery: but what mistery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mistery.

Clown. Proof.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Clown. If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him; for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov. You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe, to-morrow four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd; I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, sir; and, I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for, truly, sir, for your kindness, I owe you a good turn. [*Exit.*

Prov.

Prov. Call hither Barnardine and Claudio;
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, "though he were my brother."

Enter CLAUDIO.

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He will not wake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Exit* CLAUD.] "But,
"hark, what noise?" [*Knock within.*
Heaven give your spirits comfort!—"By and by;—
"I hope it is some pardon, or reprieve,
"For the most gentle Claudio.—"Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not Isabel?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for Claudio?

Duke. There's some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To qualify in others: were he meal'd
With that, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just.—Now are they come.—
[*Knock. Provost goes out.*
This is a gentle provost; Seldom, when
The steeled gaoler is the friend of men.—
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the unresisting postern with these strokes.

Provost returns, "speaking to one at the Door."

Prov. There must he stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.
Duke. Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?
Prov. None, sir, none.
Duke. As near the dawning, provost, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.
Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe there comes
No countermand; "no such example have we:
"Besides, upon the very siege of justice,"
Lord Angelo hath to the publick ear
Profess'd the contrary.

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes Claudio's pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note; and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other circumstance. Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*

Duke. "This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin, [*Aside.*

"For which the pardoner himself is in:

"Hence hath offence his quick celerity,

"When it is borne in high authority:

"When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,

"That, for the fault's love, is the offender friended.—" Now, sir, what news?

Prov. I told you: Lord Angelo, be-like, thinking me remiss in my office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on: methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke. Pray you, lets's hear.

Provost reads the Letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and, in the afternoon, Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly perform'd; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet

deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, sir?

Duke. What is that Barnardine, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A Bohemian born; but here nurs'd up and bred: one that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him: And, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? How seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none: "he hath evermore had "the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape "hence he would not: drunk many times a day, if "not many days entirely drunk." We have very often awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, "and "shew'd him a seeming warrant for it;" it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow,

brow, Provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have a warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo who hath sentenc'd him: To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it? having the hour limited; and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

Prov. Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser: and you may add to it. Shave the head, "and tie the beard;" and say, it was the desire of the penitent "to be so bar'd" before his death? you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke.

Duke. Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, here is the hand and seal of the duke; You know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance of the duke's death; perchance, entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd: Put not yourself into amazement, how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Clown.

"*Clown.* I am as well acquainted here, as I was in "our house of profession: one would think, it were "mistress Over-done's own house, for here be many "of her old customers. First, here's young master "Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and "old ginger, ninescore and seventeen pounds; of which "he made five marks, ready money: marry, then gin-"ger was not much in request, for the old women were "all dead. Then is there here one master Caper, at "the suit of master Three-pile the mercer, for some "four suits of peach'd-colour'd satin, which now "peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young "Dizy, and young master Deep-vow, and master "Copper-spur, and master Starve-lacky the rapier "and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that kill'd "lusty Pudding, and master Forth-right the tilter, "and brave master Shoe-tye the great traveller, and "wild Half-can that stabb'd Pots, and, I think, forty "more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in "for the Lord's sake."

Enter ABHORSON.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

Clown. Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, master Barnardine!

Abhor.

Abhor. What, ho, Barnardine!

Barnar. [*Within.*] A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

Clown. Your friends, sir; the hangman: You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

Enter BARNARDINE.

Abhor. Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, sir.

Barnar. How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, sir, here comes your ghostly father; Do we jest now, think you?

Duke.

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnar. Friar, not I; I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, sir, you must: and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day.

[*Exit.*

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: "Oh, gravel heart!— "After him, fellows; bring him to the block."

[*Exeunt* ABHORSON *and Clown.*

Prov. Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate, A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head, Just of his colour; What if we do omit This reprobate, till he were well inclin'd;

And

And satisfy the deputy with the visage
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on
Prefix'd by Angelo: See, this be done,
And sent according to command; whiles I
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently.
"But Barnardine must die this afternoon:"
And how shall we continue Claudio,
To save me from the danger that might come,
If he were known alive? ——

Duke. Let this be done,—Put them
In secret holds, both Barnardine and Claudio:
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To the under generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependent.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*
Now will I write letters to Angelo,—
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-balanced form,
We shall proceed with Angelo.

Re-enter

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: Make a swift return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ear but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*

Isab. [*Within.*] Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of Isabel:—She's come to know,
If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isab. Ho, by your leave,—

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

Isab. The better, given me by so holy a man.
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from the world:
His head is off, and sent to Angelo.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other:
"Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your close patience.

"*Isab.* Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

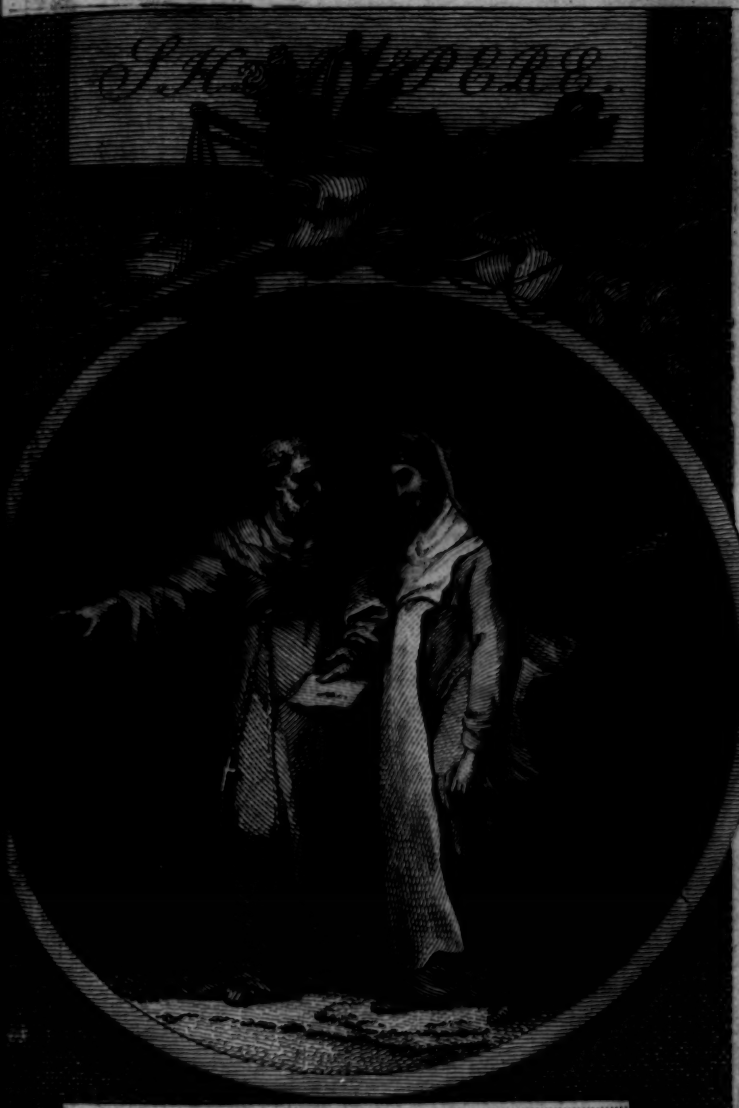
"*Duke.* You shall not be admitted to his sight."

Isab. Unhappy Claudio! Wretched Isabel!
Injurious world! Most damned Angelo!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.
Mark, what I say; which you shall find
By every syllable, a faithful verity:
The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry your eyes;
One of our convent, and his confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to Escalus and Angelo;
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their power. If you can, pace your wisdom
In that good path, that I would wish it go;
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,
And general honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to friar Peter give;
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause, and yours,
I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter;
Command these fretting waters from your eyes
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,
If I pervert your course.—Who's here?



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

——— trust not my holy order
If I pervert your Course. ———

Act 4. Scene 2.

J. de Loutherbourg del.t F. Barenbrei sculp.t

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand March 1.st 1785.

Enter LUCIO.

Lucio. Good even! Friar, where is the provost?

Duke. Not within, sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine heart, to see thy eyes so red: thou must be patient; I am fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly; one fruitful meal would set me to't: But they say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old fantastical duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Exit* ISABELLA.]

Duke. Sir, the duke is marvellous little beholden to your report; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the duke so well as I do: he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well, you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee; I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it: they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: Rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it: Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Changes to the Palace. *Enter* ANGELO *and* ESCALUS.

Escal. Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness; pray heaven, his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and re-deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that, if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that: to have a dispatch of complaints; "and to deliver us from devices "hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand "against us."

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd: Betimes i' the morn, I'll call you at your house: Give notice to such men of sort and suit, As are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, sir: fare you well. [*Exit.*

Ang.

Ang. Good night.—
This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd,
The law against it!—But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?
" no:"
For my authority bears a credent bulk,
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might, in the times to come, have ta'en revenge,
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. 'Would yet he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.
[*Exit.*

" *SCENE V.*

" *Changes to the Fields without the Town. Enter Duke in his own Habit, and Friar* PETER.

" *Duke* These letters at fit time deliver me.
" [*Giving letters.*
" The Provost knows our purpose, and our plot.
" The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
" And hold you ever to our special drift;

" Though sometimes you do blench from this to that,
" As cause doth minister. Go, call at Flavius' house,
" And tell him where I stay: give the like notice
" Unto Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,
" And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate;
" But send me Flavius first.
" *Peter.* It shall be speeded well. [*Exit Friar.*

" *Enter* VARRIUS.

" *Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste:
" Come, we will walk: There's other of our friends
" Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.
" [*Exeunt.*

" SCENE II.

" *Enter* ISABELLA *and* MARIANA.

" *Isab.* To speak so indirectly, I am loth;
" I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,
" That is your part: yet I'm advis'd to do it;
" He says, to vail full purpose.
" *Mari.* Be rul'd by him.
" *Isab.* Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
" He speak against me on the adverse side,
" I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
" That's bitter to sweet end.
" *Mari.* I would, friar Peter—
" *Isab.* Oh, peace; the friar is come.

" *Enter Friar* PETER.

" *Peter.* Come, I have found you out a stand most fit,
" Where you may have such vantage on the duke,
" He shall not pass you: Twice have the trumpets sounded;
" The generous and gravest citizens
" Have hent the gates, and very near upon
" The duke is entring; therefore hence, away.

" [*Exeunt.*"

ACT V. SCENE I.

A publick Place near the City. Enter Duke, " VARRIUS," *Lords,* ANGELO, ESCALUS, LUCIO, " *and Citizens*" *at several Doors.*

Duke.

My very worthy cousin, fairly met:—
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy return be to your royal grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thankings to you both.
We have made enquiry of you; and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Fore-running more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; " and I should wrong it,
" To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,

" When

" When it deserves with characters of brass
" A forted residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
" And razure of oblivion:" Give me your hand,
And let the subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within.—Come, Escalus;
You must walk by us on our other hand;—
And good supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter PETER *and* ISABELLA.

Peter. Now is your time; speak loud, and kneel before him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
Oh worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, " justice!"

Duke. Relate your wrongs: In what? by whom? be brief:
Here is lord Angelo shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy duke,
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: hear me, oh, hear me,
" here."

Ang. My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,

Cut



Rumbey del.t Hall sculp.t

Mrs. SIDDONS in ISABELLA.

Justice, O royal Duke! vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a Maid!

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Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. By course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?
That Angelo's a murtherer; is't not strange?
"That Angelo is an adulterous thief,"
An hypocrite; a virgin violater;
Is it not strange, and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is Angelo,
Than this is all as true as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her:—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isab. O prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness: make not impossible
That which but seems unlike: 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,
In all his dressings, characts, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain: believe it, royal prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness,

Duke. By mine honesty,

If she be mad (as I believe no other)
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality: but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.—What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one Claudio,
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother: One Lucio
Was then the messenger;—

Lucio. That's I, an't like your grace:
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord Angelo,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak.

Lucio. No, my good lord;
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for yourself, pray heaven, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for yourself; take heed to it.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right; but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time.—Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff-deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it;
The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter;—Proceed.

Isab. In brief,—to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
How he refell'd me, and how I reply'd;
(For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter:
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
"To his concupiscible intemperate lust,"
Release my brother; and, after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes my honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice: First, his integrity

Stands

Stands without blemish:—next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemency he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off: Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain?

Isab. And is this all?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above,
Keep me in patience; and, with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance!—Heaven shield your grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbelieved go!

Duke. I know, you'd fain be gone:—An officer—
To prison with her:—Shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, friar Lodowick.

Duke. A ghostly father, belike: who knows that Lodowick?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling friar;
I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this' a good friar belike!
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our substitute!—Let this friar be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy friar,

A very

A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd: First, hath this woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that friar Lodowick, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villainously; believe it.

Peter. Well, he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever: "Upon his mere request,
"(Being come to knowledge that there was complaint
"Intended 'gainst lord Angelo) came I hither,
"To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know
"Is true, and false; and what he with his oath,
"And all probation, will make up full clear,
"Whenever he's convented. First," for this woman;
(To justify this worthy nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd)
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord Angelo?—

O heaven! the vanity of wretched fools!—
Give us some seats.—Come, cousin Angelo;
In this I will be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.—Is this the witness, friar?

[ISABELLA *is carried off, guarded.*

Enter MARIANA, *veil'd.*

First, let her shew her face; and, after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why you are nothing then:—
Neither maid, widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them
Are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would, he had some cause
To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And, I confess, besides, I am no maid:
I have known my husband: yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, 'would thou wert so too.

Lucio.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:
She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all the effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [*To* MARI.

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,
"Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body,
"But knows, he thinks, that he knows Isabel's."

Ang. This is a strange abuse:—Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.
[*Unveiling.*
This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,
Which, once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from Isabel,
And did supply thee "at thy garden-house,"
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And, five years since, there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her: which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity: since which time, of five years,
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble prince,
As there comes light from heaven, and words from breath,
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly
As words could make up vows: "and, my good lord,
"But Tuesday night last gone, in his garden-house,
"He knew me as a wife:" As this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confixed here,
A marble monument!

Ang. I did but smile 'till now;
Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;
My patience here is touch'd: I do perceive
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;
And punish them unto your height of pleasure.—
Thou foolish friar; and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone! think'st thou thy oaths,
Though they would swear down each particular saint,

Were

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation?—You, lord Escalus,
Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.——
There is another friar, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he, indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your provost knows the place where he abides,
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.—
And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,
Do with your injuries as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; stir not you, till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [*Exit.*

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.—Signior Lucio, did not you say, you knew that friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. Cucullus non facit monachum: honest in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here till he come, "and enforce them against him:" We shall find this friar a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in Vienna, on my word.

Escal. Call that same Isabel here once again; I would speak with her: Pray you, my lord, give me

leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess: perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost. ISABELLA *is brought in.*

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the Provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, oh, poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good

Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone?
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but, in foul mouth,
"And in the witness of his proper ear,"
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,
But we will know this purpose:—What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject I am not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: "laws, for all faults;
"But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
"Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
"As much in mock as mark."

Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?

Is

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman bald-pate: Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

Duke. Most notedly, sir.

Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a flesh-monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the duke, as I love myself.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison:—"Where is the provost? "—Away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon "him: let him speak no more:"—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion. [*The Provost lays hands on the Duke.*

Duke Stay, sir; stay a while.

Ang. What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.

Lucio. Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir: foh, sir; Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded,

hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?

[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a duke.——

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:——
Sneak not away, sir; [*to Lucio.*] for the friar and you
Must have a word anon:—lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—— [*To Escalus.*

We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave:

[*To Angelo.*

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable,
When I perceive, your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt* ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and Provost.*

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, Isabel:
" Your friar is now your prince: As I was then
" Advertising, and holy to your business,
" Not changing heart with habit, I am still
" Attorney'd at your service."

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, Isabel:
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart:
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd myself,
Labouring to save his life; " and would not rather
" Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
" Than let him be so lost:" Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which I did think with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: But, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear: make it your comfort,
So, happy is your brother.

Re-enter

Re-enter ANGELO, MARIANA, PETER, *and Provost.*

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon him
For Mariana's sake; But as he adjudg'd your brother
(Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity; and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant, for your brother's life),
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An Angelo for Claudio, death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still *for Measure.*
Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;
Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage:
We do condemn thee to the very block
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste;—
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband!

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his possessions

Although

Although by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege— [*Kneeling.*

Duke. You do but lose your labour;——
Away with him to death.—"Now, sir, to you.
[*To Lucio.*"

Mari. Oh, my good lord!—Sweet Isabel, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her:
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. Isabel,
"Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;
"Hold up your hands, say nothing, I'll speak all.
"They say, best men are moulded out of faults;
"And, for the most, become much more the better
"For being a little bad; so may my husband."
Oh, Isabel! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous sir, [*Kneeling.*
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

Till

Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die: my brother had but justice
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd:
For Angelo,
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects;
Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mari. Merely, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say.—
I have bethought me of another fault:—
Provost, how came it, Claudio was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord:
I thought it was a fault,—but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in the prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is Barnardine.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by Claudio.—
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost.*

Escal. I am sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord Angelo, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I am sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy;
'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it.

Re-enter Provost, BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO, *and* JULIETTA.

Duke. Which is that Barnardine?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a friar told me of this man:—
Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world,
And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd;
But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come:—Friar, advise him;
"I leave him to your hand."—What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when Claudio lost his head;
As like almost to Claudio, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; And, for your lovely sake,
"Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,"
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.

[*To* ISAB.

By

By this, lord Angelo perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quick'ning in his eye:—
Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.——
I find an apt remission in myself;
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon;——
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,
[*To* Lucio.
One all of luxury, an ass, a mad-man;
Wherein have I deserv'd so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it, you may, but I had rather it would please you, I might be whip'd.

Duke. Whip'd first, sir, and hang'd after.—
Proclaim it, provost, round about the city;
If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child), let her appear,
And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whip'd and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore! your highness said even now, I made you a duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.
Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits.—Take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping, and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.—
She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.—
Joy to you, Mariana!—love her, Angelo;
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.—
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:
"There's more behind, that is more gratulate."—
Thanks, provost, for thy care, and secresy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:—
"Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
"The head of Ragozine for Claudio's;
"The offence pardons itself."—Dear Isabel,
I have a motion much imports your good;
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is your's, and what is yours is mine:—
So bring us to our palace; where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

MEASURE for MEASURE,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

JOHNSON & STEEVENS,

AND

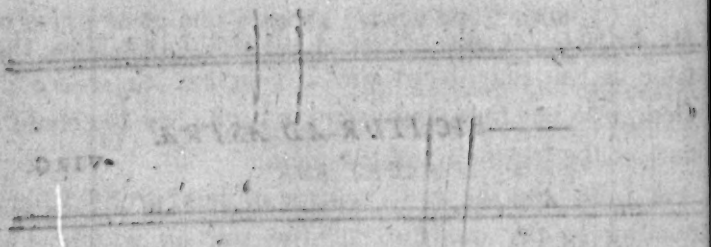
THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

MEASURE for MEASURE.

WRITTEN BY

WM. SHAKSPERE.





ANNOTATIONS

UPON

MEASURE for MEASURE.

MEASURE for MEASURE.] SHAKSPERE took the fable of this play from the *Promos and Cassandra* of George Whetstone, published in 1578. See Theobald's note at the beginning of the play.

A hint, like a seed, is more or less prolifick, according to the qualities of the soil on which it is thrown. This story, which in the hands of Whetstone produced little more than barren insipidity, under the culture of Shakspere became fertile of entertainment. The curious reader will find, that the old play of *Promos and Cassandra* exhibits an almost complete embryo of *Measure for Measure*; yet the hints on which it is formed are so slight, that it is

nearly as impossible to detect them, as it is to point out in the acorn the future ramifications of the oak.

Whetstone opens his play thus:

Act I. Scene I.

" Promos, Mayor, Shirife, Sworde-bearer: one with a bunche of keyes: Phallax, *Promos Man.*

" You officers which now in *Julio* staye
" Know you your leadge, the King of *Hungarie*
" Sent me to *Promos*, to joyne with you in sway,
" That styll we may to *Justice* have an eye.
" And now to show, my rule and power at lardge,
" Attentivelie, his letters pattents heare:
" *Phallax*, reade out my Soveraignes chardge.

" *Phal.* As you commaunde I wyll: give heedful eare.

[Phallax *readeth the Kinges Letters Pattents, which must be fayre written in parchment, with same great counterfeat zeale.*

" *Pro.* Loe, here you see what is our Soveraignes wyl,
" Loe, heare his wish, that right, not might, bear swaye:
" Loe, heare his care, to weede from good the yll,
" To scoorge the wights, good laws that disobay.
" Such zeale he bears, unto the common weale,
" (How so he byds, the ignoraunt to save)
" As he commaundes, the lewde doo rigor feele, &c. &c. &c.

" *Pro.*

" *Pro.* Both swoorde and keies, unto my princes use,
" I doo receyve and gladlie take my chardge.
" It resteth nowe for to reform abuse,
" We poynt a tyme, of councell more at lardge,
" To treate of which, a whyle we wyll depart.
" *Al. speake.* To worke your wyll, we yeelde a willing hart." [*Exeunt.*

The reader will find the argument of G. Whetstone's *Promos and Cassandra*, at the beginning of this play. See likewise the piece itself among *Six old Plays on which Shakspere founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross. STEEVENS.

ACT I.

Line 6. ——LISTS——] Bounds, limits, JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

" Confine yourself within a patient *list*." STEEVENS.

7. ——*Then no more remains,*
But that your sufficiency, *as your worth is* able,
And let them work] *Then nothing remains more than to tell you, that your virtue is now invested with power equal to your knowledge and wisdom. Let therefore*

your knowledge and your virtue now work together. It may easily be conceived how *sufficiencies* was, by an inarticulate speaker, or inattentive hearer, confounded with *sufficiency as*, and how *abled*, a word very unusual, was changed into *able*. For *abled*, however, an authority is not wanting. Lear uses it in the same sense, or nearly the same with the Duke. As for *sufficiencies*, D. Hamilton in his dying speech, prays that Charles II. *may exceed both the* virtues *and* sufficiencies *of his father*. JOHNSON.

The uncommon redundancy, as well as obscurity, of this verse, may be considered as some evidence of its corruption. Take away the *two first* words, and the sense joins well enough with what went before.

Then (says the Duke) *no more remains to say:*
Your sufficiency as your worth is able,
And let them work.

i. e. *Your skill in government is in ability to serve me, equal to the integrity of your heart, and let them co-operate in your future ministry.*

The versification requires, that either something should be added, or something retrenched. The latter is the easier, as well as the safer task. I join in the belief, however, that a line is lost; and whoever is acquainted with the inaccuracy of the folio (for of this play there is no other old edition), will find my opinion justified. STEEVENS.

Some words seem to be lost here, the sense of which, perhaps, may be thus supplied:

——*then*

——*then no more remains,*
But that to your sufficiency you put
A zeal as willing *as your worth is able,*
And let them work.—— TYRWHITT.

10. ——*the terms*] *Terms* mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in Henry the Eighth's time), was in Shakspere's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law. BLACKSTONE.

11. *For common justice you are* pregnant *in,*] The word *pregnant* is used with this signification in *Ram-Alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611, where a lawyer is represented reading,

"In tricessimo primo Alberti Magni—
"'Tis very cleare—the place is very *pregnant.*"

i. e. very *expressive, ready,* or very *big with meaning.* Again:

"——the proof is most *pregnant.*" STEEVENS.

16. ——*For you must know, we have with* special soul
Elected him our absence to supply;] By the words, *with special soul elected him,* I believe, the poet meant, *that he was the immediate choice of his heart.* A similar expression occurs in *Troilus and Cressida:*

"——with *private soul*
"Did in great Ilion thus translate him to me."

Again, more appositely, in the *Tempest:*

"——for several virtues
"Have I lik'd several women, never any
"With so *full soul,* but some defect," &c.

STEEVENS.

We

We have with special soul.] This seems to be only a translation of the usual formal words inserted in all royal grants—"De *gratia* nostra *speciali* et ex mero motu."— MALONE.

29. *There is a kind of character in thy life*

That, to the observer, &c.] Either this introduction has more solemnity than meaning, or it has a meaning which I cannot discover. What is there peculiar in this, that a man's *life* informs the observer of his *history*? Might it be supposed that Shakspere wrote this?

There is a kind of character in thy look.

History may be taken in a more diffuse and licentious meaning, for *future occurrences*, or the part of life yet to come. If this sense be received, the passage is clear and proper. JOHNSON.

Shakspere must, I believe, be answerable for the unnecessary pomp of this introduction. He has the same thought in *Henry IV.* P. II. which is some comment on this passage before us:

"There is a history in all men's lives,
"Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd:
"The which observ'd, a man may prophesy
"With a near aim, of the main chance of things
"As yet not come to life," &c. STEEVENS.

32. *Are not thine own so proper,——*] *i. e.* are not so much thy own property. STEEVENS.

33. —them *on thee.*] The old copy reads—*they* on thee. STEEVENS.

35. ——*for if our virtues,* &c.]

"*Paulum*

" *Paulum sepultæ distat inertiæ*
" *Celata virtus.*"—— Hor. WARBURTON.

So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour:*

" Virtue, if not in action, is a vice,
" And, when we move not forward, we go back-
ward."

So in the Latin adage—*Non progredi est regredi.*
STEEVENS.

38. ——*to fine issues:*——] To great consequences. For high purposes. JOHNSON.

——nor *nature* never *lends*] Two negatives, not employed to make an affirmative, are common in our author.

So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

" There is no harm intended to your person,
" *Nor* to *no* Roman else." STEEVENS.

42. ——*I do bend my speech*
To one that can my part in him advertise:] This is obscure. The meaning is, I direct my speech to one who is able to teach me how to govern: *my part in him*, signifying office, which I have delegated to him. *My part in him advertise*; *i. e.* who knows what appertains to the character of deputy or viceroy. *Can advertise my part in him*; that is, his representation of my person. WARBURTON.

44. *Hold therefore Angelo:*] That is, continue to be Angelo; *hold* as thou art. JOHNSON.

I believe that—*Hold therefore Angelo*, are the words which the Duke utters on tendering his commission

to

to him. He concludes with—*Take thy commission.*

STEEVENS.

If a full point be put after *therefore*, the Duke may be understood to speak of himself. *Hold therefore*, *i. e.* Let me therefore hold, or stop. And the sense of the whole passage may be this: The Duke, who has begun an exhortation to Angelo, checks himself thus: "But I am speaking *to one, that can in him* [in, or by himself] apprehend *my part* [all that I have to say]: I will therefore say no more [on that subject]." He then merely signifies to Angelo his appointment.

TYRWHITT.

48. —*first in question,*——] That is, first called for; first appointed. JOHNSON.

55. *We have with a* leaven'd *and prepared choice*] *Leaven'd choice* is one of Shakspere's harsh metaphors. His train of ideas seems to be this: *I have proceeded to you with choice* mature, concocted, fermented, *leavened*. When bread is *leavened*, it is left to ferment: a *leavened* choice is therefore a choice not hasty, but considerate; not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind.

JOHNSON.

66. ——*bring you something on the way.*] *i. e.* accompany you part of your way. * * *.

69. ——*your* scope *is as mine own*] That is, your amplitude of power. JOHNSON.

109. ——*in metre?*] In the primers, there are metrical graces, such as, I suppose, were used in Shakspere's time. JOHNSON.

113.

113. ——*despight of all controversy:*] Satirically insinuating, that the *controversies* about *grace* were so intricate and endless, that the disputants unsettled every thing but this, that *grace was grace*; which, however, in spite of controversy, still remained certain. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakspere's thoughts reached so far into ecclesiastical disputes. Every commentator is warped a little by the tract of his own profession. The question is, whether the second gentleman has ever heard grace? The first gentleman limits the question to *grace in metre*. Lucio enlarges it to *grace in any* form *or language*. The first gentleman, to go beyond him, says, or *in any religion*; which Lucio allows, because the nature of things is unalterable; grace is as immutably grace, as his merry antagonist is a *wicked villain*. Difference in religion cannot make a *grace* not to be *grace*, a *prayer* not to be *holy*; as nothing can make a *villain* not to be a *villain*. This seems to be the meaning, such as it is. JOHNSON.

116. *there went but a pair of sheers between us.*] We are both of the same piece. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Maid of the Mill*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:——

"There went but a pair of sheers and a bodkin between them." STEEVENS.

The same expression is likewise found in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "*There goes but a pair of sheers* betwixt

twixt an emperor and the son of a bagpiper; only the dying, dressing, pressing, and glossing, makes the difference." MALONE.

123. *pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet.*—] The jest about the pile of a French velvet, alludes to the loss of hair in the French disease, a very frequent topick of our author's jocularity. Lucio, finding that the gentleman understands the distemper so well, and mentions it so *feelingly*, promises to remember to drink his *health*, but to forget *to drink after him*. It was the opinion of Shakspere's time, that the cup of an infected person was contagious. JOHNSON.

The jest lies between the similar sound of the words *pill'd* and *pil'd*. This I have elsewhere explained, under a passage in *Henry VIII.*

"*Pill'd* priest thou liest." STEEVENS.

138. *To three thousand dollars a year.*] A quibble intended between *dollars* and *dolours*. HANMER.

The same jest occurred before in the *Tempest*. JOHNSON.

140. *A French crown more.*] Lucio means here not the piece of money so called, but that *venereal* scab, which among the surgeons is styled *corona Veneris*. To this, I think, our author likewise makes Quince allude in *Midsummer Night's Dream*:

"*Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.*"

For where these eruptions are, the skull is carious, and the party becomes bald. THEOBALD.

So, in the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606:

"I may chance, indeed, to give the world a bloody nose, but it shall hardly give me a crack'd crown, though it gives other poets *French crowns*."

Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, 1598:

"—never metst with any requital, except it were some few *French crownes*, pil'd friers crownes," &c.

STEEVENS.

169. ——*what with the sweat*,] This may allude to the *sweating sickness*, of which the memory was very fresh in the time of Shakspere: but more probably to the method of cure then used for the diseases contracted in brothels. JOHNSON.

So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"You are very moist, sir; did you *sweat* all this, I pray?

"You have not the *disease*, I hope."

STEEVENS.

178. *Enter Clown.*] As this is the first *Clown* who makes his appearance in the plays of our author, it may not be amiss, from a passage in Tarlton's *News out of Purgatory*, to point out one of the ancient dresses appropriated to the character.

"—I sawe one attired in russet, with a button'd cap on his head, a great bag by his side, and a strong bat in his hand; so artificially attired for a *clown*, as I began to call Tarlton's woonted shape to remembrance." STEEVENS.

174. —*What has he* done?

Clown. A woman.] The ancient meaning of the verb to *do* (though now obsolete), may be guessed at from the following passages:

"*Chiron.* Thou hast undone our mother.

"*Aaron.* Villain, I've *done* thy mother."

Titus Andronicus.

Again, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, act ii. *Evadne*, while undressing, says:

"I am soon undone,

Dula answers, "And as soon *done.*"

Hence the name of Over-*done*, which Shakspere has appropriated to his *bawd.* COLLINS.

177. —*in a* peculiar *river*] *i. e.* a river belonging to an individual; not publick property. MALONE.

188. —*shall all our houses of resort in the* suburbs *be pull'd down?*] This will be understood from the Scotch law of *James*'s time, concerning *huires* (whores): "that comoun women be put at "the *utmost endes of townes*, quiere least perril of fire is." Hence *Ursula* the pig-woman, in *Bartholomew-Fair*: "I, I, gamesters, mock a plain, plump, soft *wench of the suburbs*, do!" FARMER.

So, in the *Malcontent*, 1604, when *Altofront* dismisses the various characters at the end of the play to different destinations, he says to *Maquerelle* the bawd:

"——thou unto the *suburbs.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Some fourteen bawds, he kept her in *the suburbs*."

See Martial, where *summæniana* and *suburbana* are applied to prostitutes. STEEVENS.

All houses in the suburbs.] This is surely too general in expression, unless we suppose that *all* the houses in the suburbs were *bawdy-houses*. It appears too, from what the *bawd* says below, "But shall *all our houses of resort* in the suburbs be pulled down?" that the Clown had been particular in his description of the houses which were to be pulled down. I am therefore inclined to believe that we should read here, *all bawdy-houses*, or *all houses of resort* in the suburbs. TYRWHITT.

The licensed houses of resort at Vienna are at this time all in the suburbs, under the permission of the Committee of Chastity. S. W.

207. *Thus can the demi-god, authority,*
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.—
The words of heaven;—on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.] The wrong pointing of the second line hath made the passage unintelligible. There ought to be a full stop at *weight*. And the sense of the whole is this: *The demi-god, Authority, makes us pay the full penalty of our offence, and its decrees are as little to be questioned as the words of heaven, which pronounces its pleasure thus—I punish and remit punishment according to my own uncontrolable will; and yet who can say, what dost thou?—*

Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight, is a fine expression to signify paying the full penalty. The metaphor is taken from paying money by *weight*, which is always exact; not so by *tale*, on account of the practice of diminishing the species.

WARBURTON.

I suspect that a line is lost. JOHNSON.

It may be read, *the sword of heaven.*

Thus can the demi-god authority,
Make us pay down for our offence, by weight—
The sword *of heaven:—on whom,* &c.

Authority is then poetically called *the sword of heaven*, which will spare or punish as it is commanded. The alteration is slight, being made only by taking a single letter from the end of the word, and placing it at the beginning.

This very ingenious and elegant emendation was suggested to me by the Rev. Dr. Roberts, of Eton; and it may be countenanced by the following passage in the *Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

"—In brief they are *the swords of heaven* to punish."

Sir W. Davenant, who incorporated this play of Shakspere with *Much Ado about Nothing*, and formed out of them a tragi-comedy called *The Law against Lovers*, omits the two last lines of this speech; I suppose, on account of their seeming obscurity.

STEEVENS.

The very ingenious emendation proposed by Dr. Roberts, is yet more strongly supported by another passage

passage in the play before us, where this phrase occurs, act iii. sc. last:

"He who *the sword of heaven* will bear,
"Should be as holy, as severe." MALONE.

Notwithstanding Dr Roberts's ingenious conjecture, the text is certainly right. *Authority*, being absolute in Angelo, is finely styled by Claudio, *the demi-god*. To his uncontrolable power, the poet applies a passage from St. Paul to the Romans, ch. ix. v. 15, 18, which he properly styles, *the words of heaven: For he saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy*, &c. And again: *Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy*, &c. HENLEY.

It should be remembered, however, that the poet is here speaking not of *mercy* but *punishment*. MALONE.

Mr. Malone might have spared himself this remark, had he recollected that the words of St Paul immediately following, and to which the *&c.* referred, are—"*and whom he will he hardeneth.*" See also the preceding verse. HENLEY.

217. *(Like rats that* ravin *down their proper bane)*] To *ravin* signifies to *swallow voraciously*. Mr. Reed cites for this use of the word, Wilson's *Epistle to the Earl of Leicester*, prefixed to his *Discourse upon Usurye*, 1572, "For these bee the greedie cormoraunte wolfes indeede that *ravyn* up both beaste and man." REED.

218. ——*when we* drink, *we* die.] So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"—like poison'd rats, which when they've swallow'd
"The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
"And can rest then much less, until they burst."
STEEVENS.

234. *I got possession of Julietta's bed*, &c.] This speech is surely too indelicate to be spoken concerning Juliet, before her face, for she appears to be brought in with the rest, though she has nothing to say. The Clown points her out as they enter; and yet, from Claudio's telling Lucio, *that he knows the lady*, &c. one would think she was not meant to have made her personal appearance on the scene.
STEEVENS.

The little seeming impropriety there is, will be entirely removed, by supposing that when Claudio stops to speak to Lucio, the provost's officers depart with Julietta. REMARKS.

247. —*the fault and glimpse of newness*;] The meaning seems to be—*whether it be* the fault of newness, *a fault arising from the mind being dazzled by a novel authority, of which the new governor has yet had only* a glimpse; *has yet only taken a hasty survey*. MALONE.

254. —*But this new governor*
Awakes *me all the* enrolled penalties
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall,
So long———
Now puts the drowsy and neglected *act*
Freshly on me.] Lord Strafford, in the conclusion

clusion of his Defence in the House of Lords, had, perhaps, these lines in his thoughts:

"It is now full two hundred and forty years since any man was touched for this alleged crime, to this height, before myself.——Let us rest contented with that which our fathers have left us; and not *awake* those *sleeping* lions, to our own destruction, by raking up *a few musty records, that have lain so many ages by the walls*, quite *forgotten* and *neglected*. MALONE.

256. ——like *unscour'd armour*,——] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Like *rusty mail* in monumental mockery."

STEEVENS.

257. *So long, that* nineteen *zodiacks have gone round*,] The Duke in the scene immediately following says,

Which for these nineteen *years we have let sleep.*

THEOBALD.

262. ——*so tickle.*] *i. e.* ticklish. This word is frequently used by our old dramatick authors. So, in *The true Tragedy of Marius and Scilla*, 1594:

"——lords of Asia
"Have stood on *tickle* terms."

Again, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"——upon as *tickle* a pin as the needle of a dial." STEEVENS.

268. ——*her* approbation:] *i. e.* enter on her *probation*, or *noviciate*. So, again, in this play:

"I, in *probation* of a sisterhood."——

Again, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

"Madam,

" Madam, for a twelvemonth's *approbation*,
" We mean to make the trial of our child."

MALONE.

273. ——prone *and speechless dialect*,] I can scarcely tell what signification to give to the word *prone*. Its primitive and translated senses are well known. The author may, by a *prone* dialect, mean a dialect which men are *prone* to regard, or a dialect natural and unforced, as those actions seem to which we are *prone*. Either of these interpretations are sufficiently strained; but such distortion of words is not uncommon in our author. For the sake of an easier sense, we may read,

——*In her youth*
There is a pow'r, *and speechless dialect*,
Such as moves men.

Or thus:

There is a prompt *and speechless dialect.*

JOHNSON.

Prone, perhaps, may stand for *humble*, as *a prone posture* is *a posture of supplication*.

So, in *The Opportunity*, by Shirley, 1640:

" You have *prostrate* language."

The same thought occurs in the *Winter's Tale*:

" The silence often of pure innocence
" Persuades, when speaking fails."

Sir W. Davenant, in his alteration of the play, changes *prone* to *sweet*. I mention some of his variations, to shew that what appear difficulties to us, were

were difficulties to him, who living nearer the time of Shakspere, might be supposed to have understood his language more intimately. STEEVENS.

Prone is used here for *prompt*. So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"O that *prone* lust should stain so pure a bed!"

MALONE.

279. ——*under grievous imposition:*] I once thought it should be *inquisition*, but the present reading is probably right. *The crime would be under grievous* penalties imposed. JOHNSON.

281. ——*lost at a game of tick-tack.*——] *Tick-tack* is a game at tables. Jeu au *tric-trac* is used in French, in a wanton sense. MALONE.

The same phrase, in Lucio's wanton sense, occurs in *Lusty Juventus*. STEEVENS.

286. *Believe not that the dribbling dart of love*
Can pierce a complete bosom:——] Think not that a breast *completely armed* can be pierced by the dart of love, that comes *fluttering without force*. JOHNSON.

293. ——*the life remov'd*;] *i. e.* a life of retirement, a life removed from the bustle of the world. STEEVENS.

297. (*A man of* stricture, *and firm abstinence*)] *Stricture* may easily be used for *strictness*; *ure* is indeed an old word, but, I think, always applied to things, never to persons. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Davenant, in his alteration of this play, reads, *strictness*. STEEVENS.

305. (*The needful bits and curbs for head-strong steeds*)] In the copies,

The needful bits *and* curbs *for head-strong* weeds.

There is no matter of analogy or consonance in the metaphors here: and, though the copies agree, I do not think the author would have talked of *bits* and *curbs* for *weeds*. On the other hand, nothing can be more proper, than to compare persons of *unbridled licentiousness* to head-strong *steeds*: and, in this view, *bridling the passions* has been a phrase adopted by our best poets. THEOBALD.

306. *Which for these* nineteen *years we have let sleep*;] In former editions,

Which for these fourteen *years we have let* slip.

For *fourteen* I have made no scruple to replace *nineteen*. The reason will be obvious to him who recollects what the Duke [Claudio] has said in a foregoing scene. I have altered the odd phrase of *letting the laws slip*: for how does it sort with the comparison that follows, of a lion in his cave that went not out to prey? But letting the laws *sleep*, adds a particular propriety to the thing represented, and accords exactly too with the simile. It is the metaphor too that our author seems fond of using upon this occasion, in several other passages of this play:

The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept;
——'*Tis now* awake.

And, so again:

——*but this new governor*
Awakes *me all the enrolled* penalties;

——*and*

——*and for a name,*
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act
Freshly on me. THEOBALD.

I once thought that the words *let slip* (which is the reading of the old copy, and I believe, right) related to the line immediately preceding—*the needful bits and curbs*, which we have suffered for so many years to *hang loose*. But it is clear from a passage in *Twelfth Night* that these words should be referred to *laws*, "which for these nineteen years we have suffered to *pass unnoticed—unobserved*;" for so the same phrase is used by *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*: "Let him *let the matter slip*, and I'll give him my horse grey Capulet." Again, in Marlow's *Doctor Faustus*, 1631:

"Shall I *let slip* so great an injury?"

Again, in *A Mad World my Masters*, by Middleton, 1610:

"Well, things must *slip* and sleep—I will dissemble."

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"My simplicity may make them think
"That ignorantly I will *let all slip*."

The two readings which Mr. Theobald has introduced into the text, he might have found in an alteration of this play, published in 1700, by Charles Gildon, under the title of *Measure for Measure, or Beauty the best Advocate*:

"We have strict statutes and sharp penal laws,
"Which I have suffer'd *nineteen* years to *sleep*."

And

And he might have supported the latter by the following passage in *Hamlet*:

" ——How stand I then,
" That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
" Excitements of my reason and my blood,
" And *let* all *sleep*." MALONE.

Mr. Malone, in a note on line 254, &c. supposed Lord Strafford to have adverted, in his defence, to that passage. It seems no less probable that he thought upon this, and if so, it is obvious that he understood *sleep* to be the original word. HENLEY.

Theobald's correction is misplaced. If any correction is really necessary, it should have been made where Claudio, in a foregoing scene, says *nineteen* years. I am disposed to take the Duke's words.

WHALLEY.

A similar observation on this passage occurs in the Remarks.

312. Becomes *more mock'd, than fear'd*:——] *Becomes* was added by Mr. Pope, to restore sense to the passage, some such word having been left out.

STEEVENS.

322. *Sith*——] *i. e.* since. STEEVENS.

330. *To do it slander*:——] The text stood,

So do in slander.——

Sir Thomas Hanmer has very well corrected it thus,

To *do* it *slander*.——

Yet perhaps less alteration might have produced the true reading,

And

And yet my nature never, in the sight,
So *doing slandered*.——

And yet my nature never suffer slander by doing any open acts of severity. JOHNSON.

The old text stood,

——in the *sight*
To do in slander.

Hanmer's emendation is in my opinion best.

So, in *Henry IV.* Part I.

"*Do me* no *slander*, Douglas, I dare fight."

STEEVENS.

The words in the preceding line—*ambush* and *strike*, shew that *fight* is the true reading. MALONE.

334. *How I may* formally *in person bear me*] *i. e.* How I may demean myself, so as to support the character I have assumed. HENLEY.

——in *person bear*——] Mr. Pope reads,

——my *person bear*.

Perhaps a word was dropped at the end of the line, which originally stood thus:

How I may formally in person bear me,
Like a true friar.

So, in the *Tempest*:

"——some good instructions give
"How I may *bear me* here."

Sir W. Davenant reads, in his alteration of the play,

I may in person a true friar seem. STEEVENS.

338. *Stands at a guard*——] Stands on terms of defiance. JOHNSON.

372. ——*make me not your story.*] Do not, by deceiving me, make me a subject for a tale.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only, *Do not divert yourself with me, as you would with a story*; do not make me the subject of your drama. Benedict talks of becoming—the *argument* of his own scorn.

Sir W. Davenant reads—*scorn*, instead of story.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that we ought to read,

Sir, *mock* me not:—your story.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"Thou com'st to use thy tongue:—*thy story* quickly."

In *King Lear* we have—"Pray do not *mock* me."

I beseech you, sir (says Isabel), do not play upon my fears; reserve this idle talk for some other occasion;—proceed at once to your tale. Lucio's reply, ["'Tis true,"—*i. e.* you are right; I thank you for reminding me;] which, as the text has been hitherto printed, had no meaning, is then pertinent and clear.

What Isabella says immediately afterwards, fully supports this emendation:

"You do blaspheme the good in *mocking* me."

I have observed that almost every passage in our author, in which there is either a broken speech, or a sudden transition without a connecting particle, has been corrupted by the carelessness of either the transcriber or compositor. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, act ii. sc. 1.

"A man

"A man of——sovereign, peerless, he's esteem'd."

And another on *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 4.

"You shames of Rome! you herd of——Boils and plagues

"Plaster you o'er!" MALONE.

373. ——'*tis my familiar sin*

With maids to seem the lapwing,——] The Oxford editor's note on this passage is in these words: *The lapwings fly, with seeming fright and anxiety, far from their nests, to deceive those who seek their young.* And do not all other birds do the same? But what has this to do with the infidelity of a general lover, to whom this bird is compared? It is another quality of the lapwing that is here alluded to, viz. its perpetually flying so low and so near the passenger, that he thinks he has it, and then is suddenly gone again. This made it a proverbial expression to signify a lover's falsehood: and it seems to be a very old one; for Chaucer, in his *Plowman's Tale*, says:

"—*And lapwings that well conith lie.*"

WARBURTON.

The modern editors have not taken in the whole similitude here: they have taken notice of the lightness of a spark's behaviour to his mistress, and compared it to the *lapwing*'s hovering and fluttering as it flies. But the chief, of which no notice is taken, is,

——*and to jest.*

(See Ray's *Proverbs*) "The *lapwing* cries, *tongue far*

from heart." *i. e.* most, farthest from the nest, *i. e.* She is, as Shakspere has it here,

Tongue far from heart.

"The farther she is from her nest, where her heart is with her young ones, she is the louder, or, perhaps, all tongue." SMITH.

Shakspere has an expression of the like kind in the *Comedy of Errors*, act iv. sc. 3.

"*Adr.* Far from her nest the lapwing cries away,

"My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse."

We meet with the same thought in John Lilly's comedy, entitled, *Campaspe* (first published in 1584), act ii. sc. 2. from whence Shakspere might borrow it:

"*Alex.* Not with Timoleon you mean, wherein you resemble the *lapwing*, who crieth most where her nest is not, and so, to lead me from espying your love to Campaspe, you cry Timoclea." GREY.

381. ——Fewness *and truth*, &c.] *i. e.* in *few words*, and those true ones. *In few*, is many times thus used by Shakspere. STEEVENS.

382. ——————*as blossoming time*

That from the seedness the bare fallow brings

To teeming foyson; so——] As the sentence now stands, it is apparently ungrammatical. I read,

At *blossoming time*, &c.

That is, *As they that sied grow full, so her womb now*, at blossoming time, *at that time through which the seed time*

time proceeds to the harvest, her womb shows what has been doing. Lucio ludicrously calls pregnancy *blossoming time*, the time when fruit is promised, though not yet ripe. JOHNSON.

Instead of *that*, we may read—*doth*; and, instead of *brings*, *bring*. STEEVENS.

I believe the only alteration that this passage requires, is in the punctuation. A mark of suspension after *full*, will shew that the application of the first simile was suppressed by Lucio, as being too gross for the ears of Isabella.

As those that feed grow full:—as blossoming time, &c. HENLEY.

395. *Bore many gentlemen,*———

In hand and hope of action;———] *To bear in hand* is a common phrase for *to keep in expectation and dependence*; but we should read,

———with *hope of action*. JOHNSON.

400. —*with full line*—] With full extent, with the whole length. JOHNSON.

406. ——*give fear to use*—] To intimidate *use*, that is, practices long countenanced by *custom*. JOHNSON.

413. *Unless you have the grace*——] That is, the acceptableness, the power of gaining favour. So, when she makes her suit, the provost says,

Heaven give thee moving graces. JOHNSON.

414. ———*pith*

Of business———] The inmost part, the main of my message. JOHNSON.

417. —censur'd *him*] *i. e.* sentenced him. So, in *Othello*:

"———to you, lord governor,
"Remains the *censure* of this hellish villain."
STEEVENS.

I would wish to read,

"He has censur'd him already;—

which, according to the old fashion, was written,

H'as censur'd, &c. MALONE.

430. —*would* owe *them*.] To *owe*, *i. e.* to possess, to have. STEEVENS.

434. ——*the mother*] The abbess, or prioress. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 1. PROVOST.] "A Provost-martial" *Minshieu* explains "Prevost des mareschaux: Præfectus *rerum capitalium*, Prætor rerum capitalium." REED.

A *provost* is generally the executioner of an army. STEEVENS.

2. ——*to* fear *the birds of prey*.] To *fear* is to *affright*, to *terrify*.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"—this aspect of mine
"Hath *fear'd* the valiant." STEEVENS.

7. That

7. *Than* fall, *and bruise to death:*] Shakspere has used the same verb active in *The Comedy of Errors:*

"—as easy may'st thou *fall*
"A drop of water.——

i. e. let fall. So, in *As You Like It:*

"——the executioner
"*Falls* not the axe upon the humbled neck."

STEEVENS.

9. *Let but your honour* know,—] To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cognizance*. So, in *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

"Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
"Know of your truth, examine well your blood."

JOHNSON.

16. *Err'd in this point which now you censure him,*] Some word seems to be wanting to make this line sense. Perhaps we should read,

Err'd in this point which now you censure him *for*. STEEVENS.

24. ——*'Tis very pregnant,*] 'Tis *plain* that we must act with bad as with good; we punish the faults, as we take the advantages, that lie in our way, and what we do not see we cannot note. JOHNSON.

29. *For I have had*——] That is, *because, by reason that* I have had faults. JOHNSON.

41. *Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:*
Some run from brakes *of* vice, *and answer none;*
And some condemned for a fault alone.] The first line is in the first folio printed in Italicks as a quotation. All the folios read in the next line,

Some

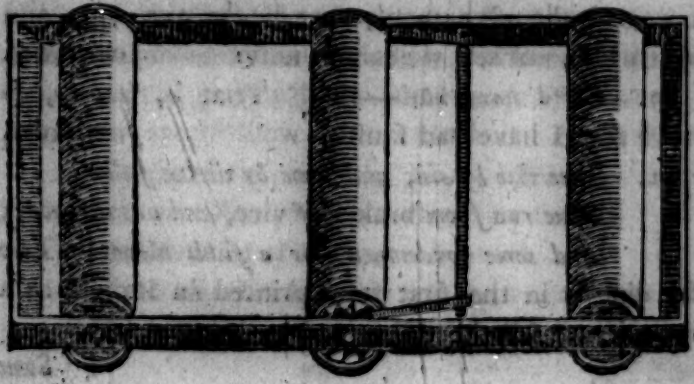
Some run from BRAKE *of* ice, *and answer none.*

JOHNSON.

I find from Holinshed, p. 670, that the *brake* was an engine of torture. "The said Hawkins was cast into the Tower, and at length brought to the *brake*, called the Duke of Excester's Daughter, by means of which pain he shewed many things," &c.

"When the dukes of Exeter and Suffolk (says Blackstone in his Commentaries, Vol. IV. chap. xxv. p. 320, 321.) and other ministers of Henry VI. had laid a design to introduce the civil law into this kingdom as the rule of government, for a beginning thereof they erected a rack for torture; which was called in derision the Duke of Exeter's Daughter, and still remains in the Tower of London, where it was occasionally used as an engine of state, not of law, more than once in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." See Coke's Instit. 35. Barrington, 69, 385. and Fuller's Worthies, p. 317.

A part of this horrid engine still remains in the Tower, and the following is the figure of it.



It

It consists of a strong iron frame, about six feet long, with three rollers of wood within it: the middle of these, which has iron teeth at each end, is governed by two stops of iron, and was, probably, that part of the machine which suspended the powers of the rest, when the unhappy sufferer was sufficiently strained by the cords, &c. to begin confession. I cannot conclude this account of it without confessing my obligation to Sir Charles Frederick, who politely condescended to direct my inquiries, while his high command rendered every part of the Tower accessible to my researches.

I have since observed, that in Fox's Martyrs, edit. 1596, p. 1843, there is a representation of the same kind.

If Shakspere alluded to this engine, the sense of the contested passage in *Measure for Measure* will be: *Some run more than once from engines of punishment, and answer no interrogatories; while some are condemned to suffer for a single trespass.* STEEVENS.

The words *answer none* (that is, *make no confession of guilt*) evidently shew that *brake of vice* here means the *engine of torture*. The same mode of *question* is again referred to in act v. line 336:

"To the *rack* with him: we'll touze you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpose."

The name, *brake of vice*, appears to have been given this machine, from its resemblance to *that used to subdue vicious horses*; to which *Daniel* thus refers:

"Lyke

" Lyke as the *brake* within the rider's hande,
" Doth *straine* the horse nye *wood* with grief of paine,
" Not used before to come in such a band," &c.

HENLEY.

60. *This comes off well*;] The same phrase is employed in *Timon of Athens*, and elsewhere; but in the present instance it is used ironically. The meaning of it, when seriously applied to speech, is—This is well delivered, this story is well told. STEEVENS.

62. *Why dost thou not speak*, Elbow?] Says Angelo to the constable.——" He cannot, sir, quoth the *Clown*, he's *out at elbow*." I know not whether this quibble be generally observed: he is *out* at the word *elbow*, and *out* at the *elbow* of his coat. The *Constable*, in his account of Master *Froth* and the Clown, has a stroke at the *Puritans*, who were very zealous against the stage at this time: " Precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good Christians ought to have."

FARMER.

65. —*a tapster, sir*; *parcel-bawd*:—] This we should now express by saying, *he is* half-tapster, half-bawd. JOHNSON.

Thus in *K. Henry IV.* " —a *parcel*-gilt goblet."

STEEVENS.

68. ——*she professes a hot-house*,——] A *hot-house* is an English name for a *bagnio*:

" *Where lately harbour'd many a famous whore,*
" *A purging bill now fix'd upon the door,*

" *Tells*

" *Tells you it is a* hot-house, *so it may,*
" *And still be a whore-house.*" Ben Jonson.

JOHNSON.

86. *Ay, sir, by mistress Over-done's means:*—] Here seems to have been some mention made of Froth, who was to be accused, and some words therefore may have been lost, unless the irregularity of the narrative may be better imputed to the ignorance of the constable. JOHNSON.

93. —*stew'd prunes*;—] *Stewed prunes* were to be found in every brothel. See a note on the 3d scene of the 3d act of the First Part of *King Henry IV.* In the old copy *prunes* are spelt, according to vulgar pronunciation, *prewyns*. STEEVENS.

178. ——*Justice or Iniquity?*——] These were, I suppose, two personages well known to the audience by their frequent appearance in the old moralities. The words, therefore, at that time produced a combination of ideas, which they have now lost.

JOHNSON.

Justice or Iniquity?] *i. e.* The Constable or the Fool. Escalus calls the latter *Iniquity*, in allusion to the old *Vice*, a necessary character, it is said, in the ancient moralities or dumb-shews, and the *Harlequin* of the modern stage. Justice may have a similar allusion to his supposed antagonist, into whose hands, after a variety of elusions, he was always made to fall. REMARKS.

184. ——*Hannibal,*] Mistaken by the constable for *Cannibal*. JOHNSON.

211. ——*they will draw you,*——] *Draw* has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain, to empty*; as it is related to *hang*, it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*. In Froth's answer, it is the same as *to bring along by some motive or power*. JOHNSON.

223. ——*greatest thing about you.*] This fashion, of which, perhaps, some remains were to be found in the age of Shakspere, seems to have prevailed originally in that of Chaucer, who in the *Persones Tale* speaks of it thus. "Som of hem shewen the bosse and the shape, &c. in the wrapping of her hosen, and *eke the buttokes of hem behinde*," &c. Greene, in one of his pieces, mentions the *great bumme of Paris*. STEEVENS.

247. ——*I'll rent the fairest house in it, after threepence a* bay:] A *bay* of building is, in many parts of England, a common term, of which the best conception that I could ever obtain, is, that it is the space between the main beams of the roof; so that a barn crossed twice with beams is a barn of three *bays*. JOHNSON.

"——that by the yearly birth
"The large-*bay'd* barn doth fill," &c.

I forgot to take down the title of the work from which this instance is adopted. STEEVENS.

345. *To* find *the faults*,——] The old copy reads ——To *fine*, &c. STEEVENS.

362. ——*touch'd with that* remorse] *Remorse* in this place, as in many others, is *pity*.

So,

So, in the fifth act of this play:

"My sisterly *remorse* confutes my honour,
"And I did yield to him."

Again, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"The perfect image of a wretched creature,
"His speeches beg *remorse*."

See *Othello*, act iii. STEEVENS.

385. ——*all the souls that* were,——] This is false divinity. We should read, *are*. WARBURTON.

I fear the Player, in this instance, is a better divine than the Prelate. The *souls that* WERE evidently refer to Adam and Eve, whose transgression rendered them obnoxious to the penalty of annihilation, but for the remedy which the Author of their being most graciously provided.—The learned bishop, however, is more successful in his next explanation HENLEY.

390. *And mercy then will breathe within your lips,*
Like man new made.] This is a fine thought, and finely expressed. The meaning is, that *mercy will add such a grace to your person, that you will appear as amiable as a man come fresh out of the hands of his Creator*. WARBURTON.

406. *If the first* man, &c.] The word *man* has been supplied by the modern editors. I would rather read,

If he, the first, &c. TYRWHITT.

408. ——*Like a prophet,*
Looks in a glass——] This alludes to the fopperies of the *beril*, much used at that time by cheats and fortune-tellers to predict by.

WARBURTON.

The *beril*, which is a kind of crystal, hath a weak tincture of red in it. It appears from Aubrey's *Miscellanies*, that the discovery of past or future events was supposed to be the consequence of looking into it.

REED.

See *Macbeth*, act iv.

So, again, in *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"How long have I beheld the devil *in crystal?*"

STEEVENS.

413. *But, ere they live, to end.*] This is very sagaciously substituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for

But here *they live*——] JOHNSON.

But here *they live to end.*] So the old copy. Is it not probable that the author wrote,

But *where* they live to end.

The prophecy is not, that future evils should end *ere* or before they are born; or in other words, that there should be no more evil in the world (as Sir T. Hanmer, by his alteration, seems to have understood it); but, that they should *end where* they *began*; *i. e.* with the criminal; who being punished for his first offence, could not proceed by *successive degrees* in wickedness, nor excite others, by his impunity, to vice.

So, in the next speech:

"And do him right, that answ'ring *this* foul wrong,

"Lives not to act *another*."

It is more likely that a letter should have been omitted

omitted at the press, than that one should have been added. MALONE.

414. ——*shew some pity.*

Ang. *I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;*

For then I pity those I do not know,] This was one of Hale's memorials. *When I find myself swayed to mercy, let me remember, that there is a mercy likewise due to the country.* JOHNSON.

428. ——*pelting*——] *i. e.* paltry.

This word I meet with in *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"——will not shrink the city for a *pelting* jade."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634:

"Thou bring'st such *pelting* scurvy news continually,

"Thou art not worthy life." MALONE.

432. ——*gnarled oak,*] *Gnarre* is the old English word for a *knot in wood.*

So, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602:

"'Till by degrees the tough and *gnarly* trunk

"Be riv'd in sunder."

Again, Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, late edit. v. 1979:

"With knotty, *knarry* barrein trees old."

STEEVENS.

438. *As make the angels weep;*——] The notion of angels weeping for the sins of men is rabbinical —*Ob peccatum flentes angelos inducunt Hebræorum magistri.*— Grotius ad Lucam. WARBURTON.

438. ——*who, with our spleens,*
Would all themselves laugh mortal.] Mr. Theobald says the meaning of this is, *that if they were endowed with our spleens and perishable organs, they would laugh themselves out of immortality:* which amounts to this, that if they were mortal, they would not be immortal. Shakspere meant no such nonsense. By *spleens*, he meant that peculiar turn of the human mind, that always inclines it to a spiteful, unseasonable mirth. Had the angels *that*, says Shakspere, they would laugh themselves out of their immortality, by indulging a passion which does not deserve that prerogative. The ancients thought that immoderate laughter was caused by the bigness of the spleen.
WARBURTON.

459. ——*that my sense* breeds *with it.*] Thus all the folios. Some later editor has changed *breeds* to *bleeds*, and Dr. Warburton blames poor Mr. Theobald for recalling the old word, which yet is certainly right. *My sense* breeds *with her sense*, that is, new thoughts are stirring in my mind, new conceptions are *hatched* in my imagination. So we say to *brood* over thought. JOHNSON.

Sir W. Davenant's alteration favours the sense of the old reading:

——*She speaks such sense*
As with my reason breeds such images
As she has excellently form'd.— STEEVENS.

467. ——fond *shekels*——] *Fond*, means very frequently in our author, *foolish*. It signifies in this place,

place, *valued* or *prized by folly*. STEEVENS.

467. ——tested *gold*,] *i. e.* attested, or marked with the standard stamp. WARBURTON.

Rather cupelled, brought to the *test*, refined. JOHNSON.

All gold that is *tested* is not marked with the standard stamp. The verb has a different sense, and means tried by the cuppel, which is called by the refiners a *test*. Vide Harris's *Lex Tech.* Voce CUPPELL. Sir J. HAWKINS.

471. ——*preserved souls*,] *i. e.* preserved from the corruption of the world. The metaphor is taken from fruits preserved in sugar. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Amorous War*, 1648:

"You do not reckon us 'mongst marmalade,
"Quinces and apricots? or take us for
"Ladies *preserved*?" STEEVENS.

478. *I am that way going to temptation,*
Where prayers cross.] Which way Angelo is going to temptation, we begin to perceive; but how *prayers cross* that way, or cross each other, at that way, more than any other, I do not understand.

Isabella prays that his *honour* may be safe, meaning only to give him his title: his imagination is caught by the word *honour:* he feels that his *honour* is in danger, and therefore, I believe, answers thus:

I am that way going to temptation,
Which your *prayers cross.*

That is, I am tempted to lose that honour of which thou implorest the preservation. The temptation

under which I labour, is, that which thou hast unknowingly *thwarted* with thy prayer. He uses the same mode of language a few lines lower. Isabella, parting, says:

Save your honour!

Angelo catches the word—*Save it! From what?*

From thee; even from thy virtue!— JOHNSON.

The best method of illustrating this passage will be to quote a similar one from the *Merchant of Venice*, act iii. sc. 1.

"*Sal.* I would it might prove the end of his losses!

"*Sola.* Let me say *Amen* betimes, *lest the devil cross thy prayer.*"

For the same reason Angelo seems to say *Amen* to Isabella's prayer; but, to make the expression clear, we should read perhaps—Where prayers *are crossed.* TYRWHITT.

The petition of the Lord's prayer—"lead us not into temptation"—is here considered as crossing or intercepting the onward way in which Angelo was going; this appointment of his for the morrow's meeting being a premeditated exposure of himself to temptation, which it was the general object of prayer to thwart. HENLEY.

487. ———*it is I,*

That lying, by the violet, in the sun, &c.] I am not corrupted by her, but by my own heart, which excites foul desires under the same benign influences that exalt her purity, as the carrion grows putrid

putrid by those beams which increase the fragrance of the violet. JOHNSON.

494. *And pitch our evils there?*] So, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"Nor build their evils on the graves of great men."

Neither of these passages appear to contain a very elegant allusion. STEEVENS.

Evils, in the present instance, undoubtedly stands for *foricæ*. Dr. Farmer assures me he has seen the word *evil* used in this sense by our ancient writers; and it appears from Harrington's *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, &c. that privies were originally so ill contrived, even in royal palaces, as to deserve the title of *evils* or nuisances.

Shall we desire to raise a sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? *Oh fie, fie, fie!*] No language could more forcibly express the aggravated profligacy of Angelo's passion, which the purity of Isabella served but the more to inflame.—The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27. HENLEY.

509. ——*I smil'd and wonder'd how.*] As a day must now intervene between this conference of Isabella with Angelo, and the next, the act might more properly end here; and here, in my opinion, it was ended by the poet. JOHNSON.

513. *I come to visit the afflicted* spirits

Here in *the prison:*——] This is a scriptural expression,

expression, very suitable to the grave character which the Duke assumes, "By which also he went and preached unto the *spirits in prison.*" 1 Pet. iii. 19. WHALLEY.

520. *Who falling in the* flaws *of her own youth,*
Hath blister'd *her report:*———] Who doth not see that the integrity of the metaphor requires we should read:

———flames *of her own youth?* WARBURTON.

Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction? JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson did not know, nor perhaps Dr. Warburton either, that Sir W. Davenant reads *flames* instead of *flaws* in his *Law against Lovers*, a play almost literally taken from *Measure for Measure* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. FARMER.

Shakspere has *flaming youth* in *Hamlet*; and Greene, in his *Never too Late*, 1616, says—"he measured the *flames of youth* by his own dead cinders." *Blister'd her report*, is *disfigur'd her fame*. *Blister* seems to have reference to the *flames* mentioned in the preceding line. A similar use of this word occurs in *Hamlet*:

"———takes the rose
"From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
"And sets a *blister* there." STEEVENS.

In support of Dr. Warburton's emendation, it should be remembered, that *flawes* (for so it was anciently spelled) and *flames* differ only by a letter that is very frequently mistaken at the press. The same mistake is found in the *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. 1. edit. 1623:—"She never reprehended him but *wildly*;"

wildly;"—instead of *mildly*. Again, in this play of *Measure for Measure*, act v. sc. 1. edit. 1623:—"give *we* your hand;" instead of *me*. MALONE.

It may be observed once for all, that by attending to the hand-writing of the time, and especially to Shakspere's (little as remains of it), much more may be done towards the restoration of corrupted passages than has hitherto been effected. The attempts of this kind hitherto made, have been chiefly by supposing an inversion of letters by the compositor, as in *Macbeth*, WAY *of life* for MAY *of life*—whereas (not to mention that in this instance it could only happen in the case of *capitals*) such errors must have proceeded from the compositor's mistake of the manuscript.—See a further example in Theobald's note, act iii. line 316, &c. HENLEY.

542. ——*But lest you do repent,*] Thus the old copy. *But lest you do repent* is only a kind of negative imperative—*Ne te pœniteat*,—and means, repent not on this account. STEEVENS.

I think that a line, at least, is wanting after the first of the Duke's speech. It would be presumptuous to attempt to replace the words; but the sense, I am persuaded, is easily recoverable out of Juliet's answer. I suppose his advice, in substance, to have been nearly this, "Take care, *lest you repent* [not so much of your fault, as it is an evil,] *as that the sin hath brought you to this shame*." Accordingly, Juliet's answer is explicit to this point:

"*I do*

" *I do repent me,* as it is an evil,
" *And take the shame with joy.*" TYRWHITT.

549. *There rest.*] Keep yourself in this temper. JOHNSON.

553. ——*Oh, injurious love,*] Mr. Tollet explains the passage thus: "Oh, love, that is injurious in expediting Claudio's death, and that respites me a life, which is a burthen to me worse than death!" STEEVENS.

557. *Enter Angelo.*] *Promos,* in the play already quoted, has likewise a soliloquy previous to the second appearance of *Cassandra.* It begins thus:

" Do what I can, no reason cooles desire,
" The more I strive my fond affectes to tame,
" The hotter (oh) I feele a burning fire
" Within my breast vaine thoughts to forge and frame," &c. STEEVENS.

559. *Whilst my* intention,——] Nothing can be either plainer or exacter than this expression. But the old blundering folio having it, *invention,* this was enough for Mr. Theobald to prefer authority to sense. WARBURTON.

Whilst my invention, *hearing not my tongue,*
Anchors *on Isabel:*] We have the same singular expression in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" There would he *anchor* his aspect, and die
" With looking on his life."

Invention is used by our author for *imagination,* in his 103d sonnet:

" ——a face

" ——————a face
" That overgoes my blunt *invention* quite."

Again, in *King Henry V.*

" O, for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
" The brightest heaven of *invention.*"

Invention is the reading of both the first and second folio. MALONE.

560. ——*Heaven* is *in my mouth,*] The old copy reads,

Heaven in my mouth:

i. e. heaven *being* in my mouth.

I do not see any need of change. MALONE.

565. *Grown* fear'd *and tedious;*——] What we go to with reluctance, may be said to be *fear'd.*

JOHNSON.

567. ——*with boot,*——] *Boot* is profit, advantage, gain. So, in *M. Kyffin*'s translation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588: "You obtained this at my hands, and I went about it while there was any *boot.*" Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

" Then list to me: Saint Andrew be my *boot,*
" But I'll raze thy castle to the very ground."

STEEVENS.

——————*change for an idle plume*
Which the air beats for vain. *Oh place! Oh form!* &c.] There is, I believe, no instance in Shakspere, or any other author, of "*for* vain" being used for "*in* vain." Besides, has the air or wind *less* effect on a feather than on twenty other things? or rather, is not the reverse of this the truth? An *idle plume* assuredly is not that "ever-fixed mark," of which our

our author speaks elsewhere, "that looks on tempests, and is never shaken." The old copy has *vaine*, in which way a *vane* or weather-cock was formerly spelt. [*See Minshieu's* DICT. 1617, *in verb.*—So also, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iv. sc. 1. edit. 1623, "What *vaine?* what weathercock?"] I would therefore read *vane*.—I would exchange my gravity, says Angelo, for an idle feather, which being driven along by the wind, serves, to the spectator, for a *vane* or weathercock. So, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"I am a *feather* for each *wind* that blows."

And in *The Merchant of Venice* we meet a kindred thought:

"————I should be still
"Plucking the *grass, to know where sits the wind.*"

The omission of the article is certainly awkward, but not without example. Thus, in *King Lear:*

"Hot questrists after him meet him *at gate.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus*; "Go, see him out at *gates.*"

Again, in *Titus Andronicus:* "Ascend, fair queen, *Pantheon.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:* "'Pray heartily, he be *at palace!*"

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"————can take no greater wound,
"Nor tent, *to bottom*, that."

The author, however, might have written,

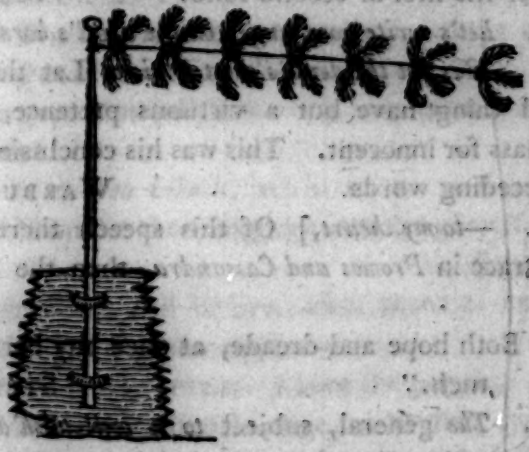
"————an idle plume,
"Which the air beats for vane o' *the* place.—
Oh form,
"How often dost *thou*,"—&c.

The

The pronoun *thou*, referring to only *one* antecedent, appears to me strongly to support such a regulation.

MALONE.

The explanation suggested by Mr. Malone approaches, but does not fully reach the object of the poet's allusion. His reference is to the implement on ship-board, denominated the *dog*-VANE. It consists of a spindle, at the top of which is fastened a string, having, at regular distances upon it, thin slices of cork, with small plumes inserted on their edges. The instrument thus formed, being easily affected by the wind, serves to point out its direction to the person at the helm, whose view of the vanes on the mast's head is liable to be intercepted by the sails. The figure of the dog-vane is here subjoined.



This implement, in the time of Shakspere, was, I believe, less simple in its construction. A single

plume, properly applied, is capable of answering the purpose. HENLEY.

569. —*case*,—] For outside, garb, external shew. JOHNSON.

570. *Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls*
To thy false seeming?————] Here Shakspere judiciously distinguishes the different operations of high place upon different minds. Fools are frighted, and wise men are allured. Those who cannot judge but by the eye, are easily awed by splendour; those who consider men as well as conditions, are easily persuaded to love the appearance of virtue dignified with power. JOHNSON.

571. ——*Blood, thou art* but *blood:*] *But* has been introduced by some of the modern editors. It is not in either the first or second folio. MALONE.

572. *Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,*
'Tis not the devil's crest.] *i. e.* Let the most wicked thing have but a virtuous pretence, and it shall pass for innocent. This was his conclusion from his preceding words. WARBURTON.

577. —*to my heart*,] Of this speech there is no other trace in *Promos and Cassandra*, than the following:

"Both hope and dreade, at once my harte doth tuch." STEEVENS.

584. *The* general, subject *to a well-wish'd king*,] The *general subject* seems a harsh expression, but *general* was, in our author's time, a word for *people*, so that the *general* is the *people*, or *multitude*, *subject* to a king.

a king. So, in *Hamlet*: "The play pleased not the *million*; 'twas caviare to the *general*." JOHNSON.

Mr. Malone observes, that the use of this phrase, "*the general*" for the people, continued so late as to the time of lord Clarendon,—"as rather to be consented to, than that *the general* should suffer." Clar. Hist. B. V. p. 530. 8vo. edit. I therefore adhere to the old reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation:

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit, &c.

i. e. the *generality* who are *subjects*, &c.

Twice in *Hamlet* our author uses *subject* for *subjects*:

"So nightly toils the *subject* of the land." Act i. sc. 1.

Again, act i. sc. 2.

"The lists and full proportions, all are made
"Out of his *subject*."———

The *general subject*, however, may mean the *subjects in general*.

So, in *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 7.

"Wouldst thou disgorge into the *general world*."
STEEVENS.

So the duke had before, act i. scene 2. expressed his dislike of popular applause:

"I'll privily away. I love the people,
"But do not like to stage me to their eyes.
"Though it do well, I do not relish well
"Their loud applause and *ave*'s vehement:

"Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
"That does affect it."———

I cannot help thinking that Shakspere, in these two passages, intended to flatter that unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some of our historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation. Sir Symonds D'Ewes, in his Memoirs of his own Life, [a MS. in the British Museum] has a remarkable passage with regard to this humour of James. After taking notice, that the king going to parliament, on the 30th of January 1620-1, "spake lovingly to the people, and said, God bless ye, God bless ye;" he adds these words, "contrary to his former hasty and passionate custom, which often, in his sudden distemper, would bid a pox or a plague on such as flocked to see him."

TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's judicious remark might find support, if it needed any, from the following passage in a *True Narration of the Entertainment of his Royall Majestie, from the Time of his Departure from Edinbrogh, till his receiving in London*, &c. &c. 1603: "—he was faine to publish an inhibition against the inordinate and dayly accesse of peoples comming," &c. STEEVENS.

603. *Their sawcy sweetness, that do coin* heaven's image
In stamps *that are* forbid:——] We meet with nearly the same words in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596, certainly prior to this play:

"———And

" ——And will your sacred self
" Commit high treason 'gainst the *king of heaven*,
" To *stamp* his *image* in *forbidden metal?*"

These lines are spoken by the countess of Salisbury, whose chastity, like Isabel's, was assailed by her sovereign. MALONE.

604. ——*'tis all as* easy] *Easy* is here put for light or trifling. WARBURTON.

605. Falsely *to take away a life true made*,] *Falsely* is the same with *dishonestly*, *illegally*: so *false*, in the next lines, is *illegal*, *illegitimate*. JOHNSON.

606. ——*in restrained* means,] In forbidden moulds. I suspect *means* not to be the right word, but I cannot find another. JOHNSON.

I should suspect that the author wrote,

——*in restrained* mints,

as the allusion is still to *coining*. Sir W. Davenant omits the passage. STEEVENS.

On reading this passage, it seemed probable to me that Shakspere, having already illustrated this thought by an allusion to coining, would not give the same image a second time; and that he wrote,

As to put *mettle* in restrained means.

On looking into the folio I found my conjecture confirmed, for that is the original reading. It is likewise supported by a similar expression in *Timon*:

" ——thy father, that poor rag,
" *Put stuff* to some she-beggar, and compounded thee
" Poor rogue hereditary."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"As rank as any flax wench that *puts to*,
"Before her troth-plight."

The sense is clear, and *means* may stand without alteration.—*'Tis as easy wickedly to deprive a man born in wedlock of life, as to have an unlawful commerce with a maid, in order to give life to an illegitimate child.* The thought is simply, that murder is as easy as fornication, and it is as improper to pardon the latter as the former. The words—*to make a false one*—evidently referring to *life*, shew that the preceding line is to be understood in a natural and not in a metaphorical sense.

Means, I suppose, is here used for *medium* or *object*.

Moulds, however, if the passage be corrupt (which I do not believe to be the case), is a very likely word to have stood here. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——the honour'd *mould*
"Wherein this trunk was fram'd."

Again, in *King Richard II.*

"——that bed, that womb,
"That *mettle*, that self-same *mould* that fashioned thee,
"Made him a man."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"Crack Nature's *moulds*, all germins spill at once,
"That make ingrateful man!" MALONE.

608. *'Tis set down so in* heaven, *but not in* earth.] I would have it considered, whether the train of the discourse does not rather require Isabel to say,

'Tis

'Tis so set down in earth, *but not in* heaven.

When she has said this, *Then*, says Angelo, *I shall poze you quickly.* Would you, who, for the present purpose, declare your brother's crime to be less in the sight of heaven than the law has made it; would you commit that crime, light as it is, to save your brother's life? To this she answers, not very plainly in either reading, but more appositely to that which I propose:

I had rather give my body, than my soul. JOHNSON.

628. *Pleas'd you to do't, at peril,* &c.] The reasoning is thus: Angelo asks, whether there might *not be a charity in sin to save this brother?* Isabella answers, that *if Angelo will save him, she will stake her soul that it were charity, not sin.* Angelo replies, that if Isabella would *save him at the hazard of her soul, it would be not indeed no sin, but a sin to which the charity would be equivalent.* JOHNSON.

634. *And nothing of* your, *answer.*] I think it should be read,

And nothing of yours, *answer.*

You, and whatever is *yours*, be exempt from penalty. JOHNSON.

And nothing of your answer, means, *and make no part of those for which you shall be called to answer.* STEEVENS.

This passage would be clear, I think, if it were pointed thus:

To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your, answer.

So

So that the substantive *answer* may be understood to be joined in construction with *mine* as well as *your*. The faults *of mine answer* are the faults *which I am to answer for*. TYRWHITT.

642. *Proclaim an* enshield *beauty*—] An *enshield beauty* is *a shielded beauty, a beauty covered as with a shield*. STEEVENS.

————as these black masks
Proclaim an *enshield* beauty, &c.

This should be written *en-shell'd*, or *in-shell'd*, as it is in *Coriolanus*, act iv. sc. 6.

"Thrusts forth his horns again into the world
"That were *in-shell'd* when Marcius stood for Rome."

These *masks* must mean, I think, the *masks of the audience*: however improperly a compliment to them is put into the mouth of Angelo. As Shakspere would hardly have been guilty of such an indecorum to flatter a common audience, I think this passage affords ground for supposing that the play was written to be acted at court. Some strokes of particular flattery to the king I have already pointed out; and there are several other general reflections, in the character of the Duke especially, which seem calculated for the royal ear. TYRWHITT.

I do not think so well of the conjecture in the latter part of this note, as I did some years ago; and therefore I should wish to withdraw it. Not that I am inclined to adopt the idea of the author of REMARKS, &c.

&c. p. 20, as I see no ground for supposing, that Isabella *had* any *mask in her hand*. My notion at present is, that the phrase, *these black masks*, signifies nothing more than *black masks*; according to an old idiom of our language, by which the demonstrative pronoun is put for the prepositive article. See the *Glossary to Chaucer*, edit. 1775. *This, These*. Shakspere seems to have used the same idiom, not only in the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *Romeo and Juliet*, but also in the First Part of *Henry IV.* act i. scene 3.

"———and but for *these* vile guns,
"He would himself have been a soldier."

With respect to the former part of this note, though the *Remarker* has told us that "*enshield* is CERTAINLY put by construction for *enshielded*;" I have no objection to leaving my conjecture in its place, till some authority is produced for such an usage of *enshield* or *enshielded*. TYRWHITT.

Sir W. Davenant reads—*as a black mask*; but I am afraid Mr. Tyrwhitt is too well supported in his first supposition, by a passage at the beginning of *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*These* happy *masks* that kiss fair ladies' brows,
"Being *black*, put us in mind they hide the fair."
STEEVENS.

648. *Accountant to the law upon that* pain.] *Pain* is here for *penalty, punishment*. JOHNSON.

651. (*As I* subscribe *not that*,—] To *subscribe* means,

means, to *agree to*. Milton uses the word in the same sense.

So, in Marlow's *Lust's Dominion*, 1661:

"*Subscribe* to his desires." STEEVENS.

652. *But in the* loss *of question*)——] The *loss* of question I do not well understand, and should rather read,

But in the toss *of question*.

In the *agitation*, in the *discussion* of the question. To *toss* an argument is a common phrase. JOHNSON.

But in the loss of question. This expression, I believe, means, *but in idle supposition*, or *conversation that tends to nothing*, which may therefore, in our author's language, be called *the loss of question*.

Thus in *Coriolanus*, act iii. sc. 1.

"The which shall turn you to no other harm,
"Than so much *loss of time*."

Question, in Shakspere, often bears this meaning. So, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

"And after supper, long he *questioned*
"With modest Lucrece," &c. STEEVENS.

The following passages add strength to Dr. Johnson's conjecture:

"I could *toss* woe for woe until to-morrow,
"But then we'd wake the wolf with bleating sorrow." *Acolastus his Afterwit*, 1606.

"Whether it were a *question* mov'd by chance,
"Or spitefully of purpose (I being there,
"And your own countryman), I cannot tell;

"But

"But when much *tossing*
"Had bandied both the king and you, as pleas'd
"Those that took up the rackets"——

Noble Spanish Soldier, by Rowley, 1634.

So, in *Melvil's Memoirs*, 1683: "Having *toss'd* some words upon this matter, she being desirous of an honest colour or pretext, appeared the more readily satisfied in that point."

Question is here used, as in many other places, for *conversation*. MALONE.

656. *Of the* all-binding *law*;——] The old editions read:

——all-building *law*,——

from which the editors have made *all-holding*; yet Mr. Theobald has *binding* in one of his copies." JOHNSON.

686. *If not a* feodary, *but only he*, &c.] This is so obscure, but the allusion so fine, that it deserves to be explained. A *feodary* was one that, in the times of vassalage, held lands of the chief lord, under the tenure of paying rent and service: which tenures were called *feudæ* amongst the Goths. Now, says Angelo, "we are all frail; yes, replies Isabella; if all mankind were not *feodaries*, who owe what they are to this tenure of *imbecility*, and who succeed each other by the same tenure, as well as my brother, I would give him up." The comparing mankind, lying under the weight of original sin, to a *feodary*, who owes *suit* and *service* to his lord, is, I think, not ill imagined. WARBURTON.

Shakspere has the same allusion in *Cymbeline*:

" ——senseless bauble,

" Art thou a *feodarie* for this act?"

Again, in the prologue to Marston's *Sophonisba*, 1606:

" For seventeen kings were Carthage *feodars*."

The old copy reads—*thy* weakness. STEEVENS.

689. ——*glasses*——

Which are as easy broke as they make *forms.*] Would it not be better to read,

——take *forms*. JOHNSON.

692. *In profiting by them.*——] In imitating them, in taking them for examples. JOHNSON.

694. *And credulous to false prints.*] *i. e.* take any impression. WARBURTON.

705. ——*speak the* former *language.*] Isabella answers to his circumlocutory courtship, that she has but *one tongue*, she does not understand this new phrase, and desires him to talk his *former language*, that is, to talk as he talked before. JOHNSON.

710. *I know, your virtue hath a* licence *in't,*] Alluding to the licences given by ministers to their spies, to go into all suspected companies, and join in the language of malecontents. WARBURTON.

711. *Which seems a little fouler,* &c.] So, in *Promos and Cassandra*:

" *Cas.* Renowned lord, you use this speech (I hope)
your thrall to trye,

" If otherwise, my brother's life so deare I will not
bye.

" *Pro.*

"*Pro.* Fair dame, my outward looks my inward thoughts bewray,

"If you mistrust, to search my harte, would God you had a kaye." STEEVENS.

716. ———*Seeming, seeming!*—] Hypocrisy, hypocrisy; counterfeit virtue. JOHNSON.

723. *My* vouch against *you*,——] I believe that *vouch against* means no more than denial. JOHNSON.

729. ——*and* prolixious *blushes*,] The word *prolixious* is not peculiar to Shakspere. I find it in *Moses, his Birth and Miracles*, by Drayton:

"Most part by water, more *prolixious* was," &c. Again, in the Dedication to *Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is Up*, 1598:

"——rarifier of *prolixious* rough barbarism," &c. Again, in Nash's *Lenten Stuff*, &c. 1599:

"——well known unto them by his *prolixious* sea-wandering." STEEVENS.

732. ———*die the death*,] This seems to be a solemn phrase for death inflicted by law. So, in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*:

"Prepare *to die the death*." JOHNSON.

It is a phrase taken from Scripture. STEEVENS.

The phrase is *a good phrase*, as Shallow says, but I do not conceive it to be either of *legal* or *scriptural* origin. Chaucer uses it frequently. See *Cant. Tales*, verse 607.

"They were adradde of him, as of *the deth*."

verse 1222.

"*The deth* he feleth thurgh his herte smite."

It seems to have been originally a mistaken translation of the French *La Mort*. TYRWHITT.

745. ——*prompture*——] Suggestion, temptation, instigation. JOHNSON.

746. ——*such a mind of honour*,] This, in Shakspere's language, may mean, *such an honourable mind*, as he uses elsewhere *mind of love*, for *loving mind*. Thus in *Philaster*:

"——I had thought, thy *mind*
"Had been *of honour*." STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 5. *BE absolute for death*;——] Be determined to die, without any hope of life.

"—*The hour, which exceeds expectation, will be welcome.*" JOHNSON.

8. *That none but fools would keep*:——] The meaning seems this, that *none but fools would* wish *to keep life*; or, *none but fools would keep it*, if choice were allowed. A sense, which whether true or not, is certainly innocent. JOHNSON.

Keep, in this place, I believe, may not signify *preserve*, but *care for*. "No lenger for to liven I ne *kepe*," says Æneas in Chaucer's *Dido, Queen of Carthage*;

thage; and elsewhere, "That I *kepe not* hearsed be:" *i. e.* which I *care not* to have rehearsed.

Again, in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2240:

"I *kepe* nought of armes for to yelpe."

Again, in a *Mery Jeste of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. let. no date:

"Then the parson bad him remember that he had a soule for to *kepe*, and he preached and teached to him the use of confession," &c. STEEVENS.

See the Glossary to the late edit. of the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, v. *kepe*. MALONE.

8. ——*a breath thou art,*
Servile to all the skiey influences
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict:——] The editors have changed [dost] to [do] without necessity or authority. The construction is not "the skiey influences, that do," but, "a breath thou art, that dost," &c. If the second line be enclosed in a parenthesis, all the difficulty will vanish. PORSON.

10. *That* do *this habitation*,—] This reading is substituted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for

That dost—— JOHNSON.

11. ——*merely, thou art* death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runnest toward him still:——] In those old farces called *Moralities*, the *fool* of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of death, is made to employ all his stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *fool* at

every turn, into his very jaws. So that the representation of these scenes would afford a great deal of good *mirth* and *morals* mixed together. And from such circumstances, in the genius of our ancestors publick diversions, I suppose it was, that the old proverb arose, of *being merry and wise.*

WARBURTON.

Such another expression as *death's fool*, occurs in *The Honest Lawyer*, a comedy by S. S. 1616:

"Wilt thou be a *fool of fate?* who can
"Prevent the destiny decreed for man?"

STEEVENS.

It is observed by the editor of *The Sad Shepherd*, 8vo. 1783, p. 154, that the initial letter of Stow's Survey, contains a representation of a struggle between *Death* and the *Fool*; the figures of which were most probably copied from those characters as formerly exhibited on the stage. REED.

15. *Are nurs'd by baseness:*—] Shakspere meant to observe, that a minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendour which dazzles the imagination. Whatever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by *baseness*, by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill, all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry, and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

JOHNSON.

This is a thought which Shakspere delights to express.

So,

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——our *dungy earth* alike
" Feeds man as beast."

Again:

" Which sleeps, and never palates more, the *dung*,
" *The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.*" STEEVENS.

16. ——*the soft and tender fork*
Of a poor worm:——] *Worm* is put for any creeping thing or *serpent*. Shakspere supposes falsely, but according to the vulgar notion, that a serpent wounds with his tongue, and that his tongue is *forked*. He confounds reality and fiction, a serpent's tongue is *soft* but not *forked* nor hurtful. If it could hurt, it could not be soft. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* he has the same notion:

" ——With *doubler* tongue
" Than thine, O serpent, never adder *stung*."
JOHNSON.

Shakspere might have caught this idea from old tapestries or paintings, in which the tongues of serpents and dragons always appear barbed like the point of an arrow. STEEVENS.

17. ——*Thy best of rest is sleep,*
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more.——] Evidently from the following passage of Cicero: " *Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie indues, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit cum in ejus simulacro videas esse nullum sensum.*" But the Epicurean insinuation is,

with great judgment, omitted in the imitation.

WARBURTON.

Here Dr. Warburton might have found a sentiment worthy of his animadversion. I cannot without indignation find Shakspere saying, that *death is only sleep*, lengthening out his exhortation by a sentence which in the friar is impious, in the reasoner is foolish, and in the poet trite and vulgar. JOHNSON.

This was an oversight in Shakspere; for in the second scene of the fourth act, the Provost speaks of the desperate Barnardine, as one who regards death only as a *drunken sleep*. STEEVENS.

The indignation of Dr. Johnson against Shakspere is both intemperate and ill-placed, as must appear to any one who will consider the Scripture account of death. The Duke's argument adverts to the relinquishment of life, and not the consequences after death of a life mispent. In respect to these, Claudio had before told him, he "*was prepared*."—If Shakspere in this instance stood in need of apology, I fear the one suggested by Mr. Steevens would leave him in the lurch. HENLEY.

19. —*Thou art not thyself*;] Thou art perpetually repaired and renovated by external assistance, thou subsistest upon foreign matter, and hast no power of producing or continuing thy own being. JOHNSON.

24. ——*strange effects*,] For *effects* read *affects*; that is, *affections*, *passions* of mind, or disorders of body variously *affected*. So, in *Othello*: "*The young affects*." JOHNSON.

31. ——*serpigo*——] The *serpigo* is a kind of tetter. STEEVENS.

32. ——*Thou hast nor youth, nor age;*
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
Dreaming on both:—] This is exquisitely imagined. When we are young, we busy ourselves in forming schemes for succeeding time, and miss the gratifications that are before us; when we are old, we amuse the languor of age with the recollection of youthful pleasures or performances; so that our life, of which no part is filled with the business of the present time, resembles our dreams after dinner, when the events of the morning are mingled with the designs of the evening. JOHNSON.

34. —*for all thy blessed youth*
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old, and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, &c.] Shakspere here declares that man has *neither youth nor age*; for in *youth*, which is the *happiest* time, or which might be the happiest, he commonly wants means to obtain what he could enjoy; he is dependent on *palsied eld*: *must beg alms* from the coffers of hoary avarice; and being very niggardly supplied, *becomes as aged*, looks, like an old man, on happiness which is beyond his reach. And, when *he is old and rich*, when he has wealth enough for the purchase of all that formerly excited his desires, he has no longer the powers of enjoyment;

—*has*

—has neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make his *riches pleasant.—*

I have explained this passage according to the present reading, which may stand without much inconvenience; yet I am willing to persuade my reader, because I have almost persuaded myself, that our author wrote,

—for all thy blasted *youth*
Becomes as aged— JOHNSON.

The sentiment contained in these lines, which Dr. Johnson has explained with his usual precision, occurs again in the forged letter that Edmund delivers to his father, as written by Edgar; *King Lear*, act i. sc. 2. "This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to *the best of our times*; keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness cannot relish them."

The above words printed in Italicks support, I think, the reading of the old copy,—"*blessed* youth," and show that any emendation is unnecessary.

MALONE.

36. *——palsied* eld;——] *Eld* is generally used for *old age, decrepitude.* It is here put for *old people, persons worn out with years.*

So, in Marston's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1604:

"Let colder *eld* their strong objections move."

Gower uses it for *age* as opposed to *youth*:

"His *elde* had turned into youth."

De Confessione Amantis, Lib. V. fol. 106.

STEEVENS.

40.

40. —*more thousand deaths:*—] For this Sir T. Hanmer reads:

———*a thousand deaths:*——

The meaning is not only *a thousand deaths*, but *a thousand deaths* besides what have been mentioned. JOHNSON.

Bring them to speak where I may be concealed,
Yet hear them.] Thus the modern editions. The old copy, published by the players, gives the passage thus:

Bring them to hear me speak, where I may be conceal'd.

I believe we should read,

Bring *me* to hear *them* speak, where I may be conceal'd. STEEVENS.

The second folio authorizes the reading of the modern editions. TYRWHITT.

56. ——*as all comforts are; most good in deed:*] If this reading be right, Isabella must mean that she brings something better than *words* of comfort, she brings an assurance of *deeds*. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads:

"Why,
"As all comforts are: most good, most good indeede."

I believe the old reading, as explained by Dr. Johnson, is the true one. So, in *Macbeth*:

"We're yet but young *in deed*." STEEVENS.

I would read the lines thus:

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab.

Isab. Why, as all comforts are, most good. Indeed lord Angelo, &c.

Indeed is the same as *in truth*, or *truly*, the common beginning of speeches in Shakspere's age. See Charles the First's Trial. The king and Bradshaw seldom say any thing without this preface: "Truly, Sir."— BLACKSTONE.

59. ——*an everlasting leiger:*

Therefore your best appointment——] *Leiger* is the same with resident. *Appointment*; preparation; act of fitting, or state of being fitted for any thing. So in old books, we have a knight well *appointed*; that is, well armed and mounted, or fitted at all points. JOHNSON.

The word *leiger* is thus used in the comedy of *Look about You*, 1600:

"Why do you stay, sir?—

"Madam, as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love."

Again, in *Leicester's Commonwealth*, "a special man of that hasty king, who was his *Ledger*, or Agent, in London," &c. STEEVENS.

60. —*your best* appointment—] The word *appointment*, on this occasion, should seem to comprehend confession, communion, and absolution. "Let him (says Escalus) be furnished with divines, and have all charitable preparation." The King in *Hamlet*, who was cut off prematurely, and without such preparation, is said to be *dis-appointed*. *Appointment*, however, may be more simply explained by the following passage in *The Antipodes*, 1638:

"——your

" ——your lodging
" Is decently *appointed*." *i. e.* prepared, furnished. STEEVENS.

71. ——*a restraint*,——
To a determin'd scope.] A confinement of your mind to one painful idea; to ignominy, of which the remembrance can neither be suppressed nor escaped. JOHNSON.

72. *Though all the world's vastidity*——] The old copy reads: *Through* all, &c. MALONE.

84. ——*the poor beetle*, &c.] The reasoning is, *that death is no more than every being must suffer, though the dread of it is peculiar to man*; or perhaps, *that* we are inconsistent with ourselves, when we so much dread that which we carelessly inflict on other creatures, that feel the pain as acutely as we. JOHNSON.

90. *I will encounter darkness as a bride,*
And hug it in mine arms.] So in the first part of *Jeronimo, or the Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

" ——*night*,
" That yawning Beldam, with her jetty skin,
" 'Tis she I *hug* as mine effeminate bride."
STEEVENS.

97. —*follies doth emmew*,] Forces follies to lie in cover, without daring to show themselves. JOHNSON.

98. *As faulcon doth the fowl*,—] In whose presence the follies of youth are afraid to show themselves, as the fowl is afraid to flutter while the faulcon hovers over it.

So, in the Third Part of *King Henry VI.*

" ——not he that loves him best,
" The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
" *Dares stir a wing*, if Warwick shakes his bells."

To *emmew* is a term in falconry used by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Knight of Malta*:

" ——I have seen him scale
" As if a falcon had run up a train,
" Clashing his warlike pinions, his steel'd cuirass,
" And, at his pitch, *emmew* the town below him."

STEEVENS.

99. *His filth within being cast,*——] To *cast* a pond, is to empty it of mud. JOHNSON.

101. *The* princely *Angelo?*——
——princely *guards!*——] The first folio has in both places, *prenzie*, from which the other folios made *princely*, and every editor may make what he can. JOHNSON.

Princely guards mean no more than the ornaments of royalty, which Angelo is supposed to assume during the absence of the Duke. The stupidity of the first editors is sometimes not more injurious to Shakspere, than the ingenuity of those who succeeded them.

In the old play of *Cambyses*, I meet with the same expression. *Sisamnes* is left by *Cambyses* to distribute justice while he is absent; and in a soliloquy says,

" Now may I wear the brodered *garde*,
" And lye in downe bed soft."

Again, the queen of *Cambyses* says:

"I do forsake these broder'd *gardes*
"And all the facions new." STEEVENS.

115. ——*as a pin.*] So in *Hamlet:*

"I do not set my life at *pin*'s fee." STEEVENS.

120. *When he would* force it,—] *Put* it *in force.*
WARBURTON.

——*Has he affections in him*
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose?
When he would force it, *sure it is no sin;*
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.] I was led into a mistake concerning this passage, and into a hasty censure of Dr. Warburton, by the false pointing of the modern editions, according to which, the word *force* could not admit of his interpretation. But I am now convinced that he was right, and that these lines should be pointed thus:

——Has he affections in him
That thus can make him bite the law by the nose,
When he would force it?—Sure it is no sin,
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Is he actuated by passions that impel him to transgress the law, at the very moment that he is enforcing *it against others?* [I find, he is.] *Surely then* [since this is so general a propensity] *it is no sin, or at least a venial one.* So, in the next act:

"——A deflower'd maid,
"And by an eminent body that *enforc'd*
"*The law* against it."

Force is again used for *enforce* in *King Henry VIII.*

"If you will now unite in your complaints,
"And *force* them with a constancy."——

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"Why *force* you this?" MALONE.

123. *If it were damnable*, &c.] Shakspere shows his knowledge of human nature in the conduct of Claudio. When Isabella first tells him of Angelo's proposal, he answers, with honest indignation, agreeably to his settled principles,

Thou shalt not do't.

But the love of life being permitted to operate, soon furnishes him with sophistical arguments, he believes it cannot be very dangerous to the soul, since Angelo, who is so wise, will venture it. JOHNSON.

125. *Be* perdurably *fin'd?*—] *Perdurably* is lastingly. So, in *Othello:*

"——cables of *perdurable* toughness."

STEEVENS.

132. —*delighted spirit*] *i. e.* the spirit accustomed here to ease and delights. This was properly urged as an aggravation to the sharpness of the torments spoken of. WARBURTON.

I think with Dr. Warburton, that by the *delighted* spirit is meant, *the soul once accustomed to delight*, which of course must render the sufferings, afterwards described, less tolerable. Thus our author calls youth, *blessed*, in a former scene, before he proceeds to shew its wants and its inconveniencies. STEEVENS.

138. ——*lawless and incertain thoughts*] Conjecture sent out to wander without any certain direction,

and ranging through all possibilities of pain.

JOHNSON.

141. ——*penury*,——] The first folio reads *perjury*. MALONE.

143. *To what we fear of death.*] Most certainly the idea of the "spirit bathing in fiery floods," or of residing "in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," is not original to our poet; which is the whole that is wanted for the argument: but I am not sure that they came from the Platonick hell of Virgil. The monks also had their hot and their cold hell, "the fyrste is fyre that ever brenneth, and never gyveth lighte," says an old homily:—"The seconde is passying cold, that yf a greate hylle of fyre were cast therin, it shold torn to yce." One of their legends, well remembered in the time of Shakspere, gives us a dialogue between a bishop and a soul tormented in a piece of ice which was brought to cure a *brenning heate* in his foot; take care, that you do not interpret this the *gout*, for I remember Menage quotes a canon upon us,

"Si quis dixerit episcopum *podagrâ* laborare, anathema sit."

Another tells us of the soul of a monk fastened to a rock, which the winds were to blow about for a twelvemonth, and purge of its enormities. Indeed this doctrine was before now introduced into poetick fiction, as you may see in a poem, "where the lover declareth his pains to exceed far the pains of hell," among the many miscellaneous ones subjoined to the works of Surrey. Nay, a very learned and inquisi-

tive brother-antiquary hath observed to me, on the authority of Blefkenius, that this was the ancient opinion of the inhabitants of Iceland, who were certainly very little read either in the poet or the philosopher. FARMER.

Lazarus, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is represented to have seen these particular modes of punishment in the infernal regions:

"Secondly, I have seen in hell a floud frozen as ice, wherein the envious men and women were plunged unto the navel, and then suddainly came over them a right cold and great wind that grieved and pained them right sore," &c. STEEVENS.

152. *Is't not a kind of incest,——*] In Isabella's declamation there is something harsh, and something forced and far-fetched. But her indignation cannot be thought violent, when we consider her not only as a virgin, but as a nun. JOHNSON.

155. *——a warped slip of* wilderness] *Wilderness* is here used for *wildness*, the state of being disorderly. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"And throws an unknown *wilderness* about me."

Again, in *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth."

The word, in this sense, is now obsolete, though employed by Milton:

"The paths, and bowers, doubt not, but our joint hands
"Will keep from *wilderness* with ease."

STEEVENS.

156.

156. ——*Take my* defiance:] *Defiance* is *refusal*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I do *defy* thy commiseration." STEEVENS.

163. —*but a trade*:] A custom; a practice; an established habit. So we say of a man much addicted to any thing, *he makes* a trade *of it*. JOHNSON.

185. *Do not* satisfy *your resolution with hopes that are fallible*:] The sense is this. Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes that are fallible*. STEEVENS.

190. *Hold you there*;——] Continue in that resolution. JOHNSON.

197. *In good time*.] i. e. *a la bonne heure*, so be it, very well. The same expression occurs in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and in *Richard III*. STEEVENS.

241. ——*her* combinate *husband*,——] *Combinate* is *betrothed, settled by contract*. STEEVENS.

264. ——only *refer yourself to this advantage*,——] This is scarcely to be reconciled to any established mode of speech. We may read, *only* reserve yourself to, or *only* reserve to *yourself this advantage*. JOHNSON.

274. ——*the corrupt deputy scaled*.——] *To scale the deputy* may be, *to reach him, notwithstanding the elevation of his place*; or it may be, *to strip him and discover his nakedness, though armed and concealed by the investments of authority*. JOHNSON.

To *scale*, as may be learned from a note to *Coriolanus*, act i. sc. 1. most certainly means, to *disorder*, to *disconcert*, to *put to flight*. An army routed is called by Holinshed an army *scaled*. The word some-

times signifies to *diffuse* or disperse; at others, as I suppose in the present instance, to *put into confusion.* STEEVENS.

To *scale* is certainly to *reach* as well as to *disperse* or *spread abroad*, and hence its application to a routed army which is *scattered over the field.* The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the scalade, or that his true character would be *spread* or *laid open*, so that his vileness would become evident. Dr. Warburton thinks it is *weighed*, a meaning which Dr. Johnson affixes to the word in another place. See *Coriolanus*, act i. scene 1. REMARKS.

285. ——*the moated* grange——.] A *grange* is a solitary farm-house. So, in *Othello:*

" ——————this is Venice,

——" My house is not a *grange.*" STEEVENS.

A *grange* implies some one particular house immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name; as *Hornby-Grange*, *Blackwell-Grange*; and is in the neighbourhood simply called *The Grange.* Originally, perhaps, those buildings were the lord's *granary* or store-house, and the residence of his chief bailiff. (*Grange*, from *Granagium*, Lat.) REMARKS.

294. —*bastard.*] A kind of sweet wine, then much in vogue, from the Italian *bastardo.* WARBURTON.

296. ——*since of two* usuries, &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer corrected the passage thus:—*since of two*

usurers *the merriest was put down, and the worser allowed, by order of law, a furr'd gown*, &c. His punctuation is right, but the alteration, small as it is, appears more than was wanted. *Usury* may be used by an easy license for the *professors of usury*.

JOHNSON.

304. ——*father:*——] In return to Elbow's blundering address of *good father friar*, i. e. *good father brother*, the duke humorously calls him, in his own style, *good brother father*. This would appear still clearer in French. *Dieu vous benisse*, mon pere frere.—*Et vous aussi*, mon frere pere. There is no doubt that our *friar* is a corruption of the French *frere*.

TYRWHITT.

316. *I drink, I eat*, array *myself, and live.*] The old editions have,

I drink, I eat away *myself, and live.*

This is one very excellent instance of the sagacity of our editors, and it were to be wished heartily, that they would have obliged us with their physical solution, how a man can *eat away* himself, *and live*. Mr. Bishop gave me that most certain emendation, which I have substituted in the room of the former foolish reading; by the help whereof, we have this easy sense: that the clown fed himself, and put clothes on his back, by exercising the vile trade of a bawd.

THEOBALD.

329. *That we were all, as some would seem to be,*
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!]

I think

I think we should read with Hanmer:

Free from all faults, as *from faults* seeming free. i. e. *I wish we were all as good as we appear to be*; a sentiment very naturally prompted by his reflection on the behaviour of Angelo. Hanmer has only transposed a word to produce a convenient sense. STEEVENS.

The first and second folio have

Free from our *faults*,——— MALONE.

381. *His neck will come to your waist, a cord, sir.*] That is, his neck will be tied, like your waist, with a rope. The friars of the Franciscan order, perhaps of all others, wear a hempen cord for a girdle. Thus Buchannan:

"*Fac gemant suis,*
"*Variata terga funibus.*" JOHNSON.

337. *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman,*—] By *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*, I believe Shakspere meant no more than—Have you no women now to recommend to your customers, as fresh and untouched as *Pygmalion*'s statue was, at the moment when it became flesh and blood? The passage may, however, contain some allusion to a pamphlet printed in 1598, called—*The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, and certain Satires.* I have never seen it, but it is mentioned by Ames, p. 568; and whatever its subject might be, we learn from an order signed by the archbishop of Canterbury and the bishop of London, that this book was commanded to be burnt.

The

The order is inserted at the end of the second volume of the entries belonging to the Stationers-Company.

STEEVENS.

"Is there none of *Pygmalion*'s images newly made woman, to be had now?" If Marston's *Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image* be alluded to, I believe it must be in the *argument*.—"The *maide* (by the power of Venus) was metamorphosed into a living *woman*."

FARMER.

There may, however, be an allusion to a passage in Lilly's *Woman in the Moone*, 1597. The inhabitants of *Utopia* petition *Nature* for females, that they may, like other beings, propagate their species. *Nature* grants their request, and "they draw the curtins from before *Nature*'s shop, where stands an image clad, and some unclad, and they bring forth the cloathed image," &c. STEEVENS.

By *Pygmalion's images newly made women*, I do not understand, with Mr. Steevens, *virgins as fresh as if they came recently from the hands of Pygmalion*. I rather think the meaning is: Is there no courtezan, who being *newly made woman*, [i. e. *lately debauched*,] still retains the appearance of chastity, and looks as cold as a statue, to be had? &c.

The following passage in *Blurt Master Constable*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1602, seems to authorize this interpretation:

"*Laz.* Are all these *women*?

"*Imp.* No, no, they are half men and half women.

"*Laz.*

"*Laz.* You apprehend too fast. I mean by women, wives; for wives are no maids, *nor are maids women.*"

Mulier, in Latin, had precisely the same meaning. MALONE.

340. —*what say'st thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain?*] Lucio asks Pompey, whether his *answer* was not drown'd in the last rain? but Pompey returns *no answer* to any of his questions: or, perhaps, he means to compare Pompey's miserable appearance to a *drown'd mouse.* So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I.

"Or piteous they will look, like *drowned mice.*" STEEVENS.

341. ——*what say'st thou*, trot?——] So, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1613: "Thou toothless old *trot* thou." Again, in the *Wise Woman of Hogsden*, 1638:

"What can this witch, this wizard, or old *trot?*" STEEVENS.

Trot, or as it is now often pronounced, honest *trout*, is a familiar address to a man among the provincial vulgar. JOHNSON.

342. ——*Which is the way?*——] *What is the* mode *now?* JOHNSON.

349. ——*in the tub.*] The method of cure for venereal complaints is grossly called the *powdering tub.* JOHNSON.

It was so called from the method of cure. See the notes on—"the *tub-fast* and the *diet*"—in *Timon*, act iv. STEEVENS.

356. ——*say I sent thee thither.*——] Shakspere seems here to allude to the words used by Gloster in *Henry VI.* Part III. act v. sc. 6.

"Down, down to hell; and *say—I sent thee thither.*" REED.

—go; say I sent thee thither. For debt, Pompey? or how?] It should be pointed thus, *Go, say I sent thee thither for debt, Pompey; or how—i. e.* to hide the ignominy of thy case, say, I sent thee to prison for debt, or whatever other pretence thou fanciest better. The other humorously replies, *For being a bawd, for being a bawd, i. e.* the true cause is the most honourable. This is in character. WARBURTON.

I do not perceive any necessity for the alteration. Lucio first offers him the use of his name to hide the seeming ignominy of his case; and then very naturally desires to be informed of the true reason why he was ordered into confinement. STEEVENS.

367. ——*it is not the wear.*] *i. e.* it is not the fashion. STEEVENS.

376. *Then, Pompey? nor now.*] I think there should not be a note of interrogation here. The meaning is: *I will neither bail thee* then, nor now. So again in this play,

"*More, nor less* to others paying."— MALONE.

379. *Go.—to kennel, Pompey,—go.*] It should be remembered, that *Pompey* is the common name of a dog, to which allusion is made in the mention of a *kennel.* JOHNSON.

395. *It is too general a vice,——*] *Yes*, replies Lucio, *the vice is of great kindred; it is well ally'd*, &c. As much as to say, Yes, truly, it is general; for the greatest men have it as well as we little folks. A little lower he taxes the duke personally with it.

EDWARDS.

408. *——and he is a motion* ungenerative, *that's infallible.*] A *motion generative* means a *puppet of the masculine gender*; a thing that appears to have those powers of which it is not in reality possessed.

STEEVENS.

418. *——muck* detected *for women*; ——] This appears so like the language of *Dogberry*, that at first I thought the passage corrupt, and wished to read *suspected*. But perhaps *detected* had anciently the same meaning. So in an old collection of tales, entitled, *Wits, Fits, and Fancies*, 1595: "—An officer whose daughter was *detected of* dishonestie, and generally so reported."— That *detected* is there used for *suspected*, and not in the present sense of the word, appears, I think, from the words that follow—*and generally so reported*, which seem to relate not to a *known* but *suspected* fact.

MALONE.

In Rich's *Adventures of Simonides*, 1584, 4to. "all Rome, *detected* of inconstancie." HENDERSON.

423. *——clack-dish:*] The beggars, two or three centuries ago, used to proclaim their want by a wooden dish with a moveable cover, which they clacked to shew that their vessel was empty. This

appears

appears from a passage quoted on another occasion by Dr. Grey.

Dr. Grey's assertion may be supported by the following passage in an old comedy, called *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Can you think I get my living by a bell and a *clack-dish?*"

"By a bell and a *clack-dish?* how's that?"

"Why, by begging, sir," &c.

Again, in Henderson's Supplement to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cresseid*:

"Thus shalt thou go begging from hous to hous,

"With *cuppe and clappir*, like a Lazarous."

And by a stage-direction in the Second Part of *King Edward IV.* 1619:

"Enter Mrs. Blague very poorly, begging with her basket and a *clap-dish*."

There is likewise an old proverb to be found in Ray's Collection, which alludes to the same custom:

"He *claps his dish* at a wrong man's door."

STEEVENS.

427. ——*an* inward *of his:*] *Inward* is intimate. So in Daniel's *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"You two were wont to be most *inward* friends."

Again, in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"Come we must be *inward*, thou and I all one."

STEEVENS.

433. ——*The greater file of the subject*——] The larger list, the greater number. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"the valued *file*." STEEVENS.

439. ——*the business he hath helmed*,——] *The difficulties he hath steer'd through.* A metaphor from navigation. STEEVENS.

472. ——ungenitur'd *agent*——] This word seems to be form'd from *genitoirs*, a word which occurs in Holland's Pliny, Tom. II. p. 321, 560, 589, and comes from the French *genitoirs*, the *genitals*. TOLLET.

479. ——*eat mutton on Fridays.*——] A wench was called a *laced mutton*. THEOBALD.

So, in *Doctor Faustus*, 1604, Lechery says,

"I am one that loves an inch of raw *mutton* better than an ell of *Friday* stockfish." STEEVENS.

494. —*mercy* swear, *and play the tyrant.*] The idea of *swearing* agrees very well with that of a *tyrant* in our ancient mysteries. STEEVENS.

We still say *to swear like an emperor*; and from some old book, of which the writer unfortunately neglected to copy the title, he has noted *to swear like a tyrant*. *To swear like a termagant* is quoted elsewhere. REMARKS.

519. ——*from the* see,] The folio reads,

——*from the* sea. JOHNSON.

See was anciently both written and pronounced *sea*. Hence the merit of Montague's pun, who, when king James complained of his embarrassment, arising from various competitors, in respect to the filling up a va-

cant

cant bishoprick, replied—"Your majesty may easily do it, if you have faith but as a grain of mustard seed; for no more is necessary than to say to this mountain (referring both to his name and his paunch), be removed into yonder *sea*, and it shall be done."

HENLEY.

548. ——*resolved*——] *i. e.* satisfied. So, in Middleton's *More Dissemblers besides Women*, act i. sc. 3.

"The blessing of perfection to your thoughts, lady;

"For I'm *resolved* they are good ones." REED.

554. ——*he is indeed—justice.*] Summum jus, summa injuria. STEEVENS.

563. *Pattern in himself to know,*

Grace to stand, and virtue go;] This passage is very obscure, nor can be cleared without a more licentious paraphrase than any reader may be willing to allow. *He that bears the sword of heaven should be not less holy than severe: should be able to discover in himself a pattern of such grace as can avoid temptation, together with such virtue as dares venture abroad into the world without danger of seduction.* STEEVENS.

"*Pattern* in himself to know,"

Is, to experience in his own bosom an *original* principle of action, which, instead of being borrowed or copied from others, might serve as a *pattern* to them. Our author, in *The Winter's Tale*, has again used the same kind of imagery:

"By the *pattern* of mine own thoughts, I cut out

"The purity of his."

In another of his plays he uses an expression equally hardy and licentious:——"And will have no *attorney* but *myself*;"—which is an absolute catachresis, an attorney importing precisely a person appointed to act for *another*. MALONE.

570. *To weed my vice, and let his grow!*] *i. e.* to weed faults out of my dukedom, and yet indulge himself in his own private vices. STEEVENS.

My vice, for the *vices of my dukedom*, appears to me very harsh.

My, does not, I apprehend, relate to the duke in particular, who had not been guilty of any vice, but to any indefinite person.—The meaning seems to be—*to destroy by extirpation* (as it is expressed in another place) a fault that I have committed, and to suffer his own vices to grow to a rank and luxuriant height.

The speaker, for the sake of argument, puts himself in the case of an offending person. MALONE.

To weed my vice, and let his grow!] The duke is plainly speaking in his own person. What he here terms "MY *vice*," may be explained from his conversation in act i. sc. 4. with Friar Thomas, and especially line 322.

"—'twas MY *fault* to give the people scope."—The *vice of Angelo* requires no explanation. HENLEY.

572. *Though* angel *on the outward side!*] Here we see what induced the author to give the outward sainted deputy the name of Angelo. MALONE.

580.

580. *So disguise shall, by the disguis'd,*] So *disguise* shall, by means of a person *disguised*, return an *injurious demand* with a *counterfeit person*. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 1. *TAKE, oh, take,* &c.] This is part of a little song of Shakspere's own writing, consisting of two stanzas, and so extremely sweet, that the reader won't be displeased to have the other:

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops, the pinks that grow,
Are of those that April wears.
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee. WARBURTON.

This song is entire in Beaumont's *Bloody Brother*, and in Shakspere's poems. The latter stanza is omitted by Mariana, as not suiting a female character. THEOBALD.

Though Sewell and Gildon have printed this among Shakspere's poems, they have done the same to so many other pieces, of which the real authors are since known, that their evidence is not to be depended on. It is not found in Jaggard's edition of our author's sonnets, which was printed during his life-time.

Our poet, however, has introduced one of the same thoughts in his 142d sonnet:

"————not from those lips of thine
"That have prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
"And *seal'd false bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

STEEVENS.

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*, 1593:

"Pure *lips*, sweet *seals* on my soft lips imprinted,
"What bargains may I make still to be sealing."

MALONE.

It occurs also in the old Black Letter Translation of Amadis of Gaule, 4to. p. 171. "——rather with *kisses* (which are counted the *seales of Love*) they chose to confirm their unanimitie, then otherwise to offend a resolved pacience." REED.

15. *My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.*] Though the musick soothed my sorrows, it had no tendency to produce light merriment. JOHNSON.

23. ————*constantly*————] Certainly; without fluctuation of mind. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

"Could so much turn the constitution
"Of any *constant* man." STEEVENS.

30. ————*circummur'd with brick*,] *Circummured*, walled round.

"*He caused the doors to be* mured *and cased up*."

Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*.

JOHNSON.

32. —*a* planched *gate,*] *i. e.* a gate made of boards. *Planche,* Fr.

A *plancher* is a plank. So, in Lylly's *Maid's Metamorphosis,* 1600:

" ——upon the ground doth lie
" A hollow *plancher.*"

Again, in Sir *Arthur Gorges'* translation of Lucan, 1614:

" Yet with his hoofes doth beat and rent
" The *planched* floore, the barres and chaines."

STEEVENS.

The expression is common at this day in the west.

* * *.

36. *There have I,* &c.] In the old copy the lines stand thus:

There have I made my promise upon the
Heavy middle of the night, to call upon him.

STEEVENS.

41. *In action all of precept,*——] *i. e.* shewing the several turnings of the way with his hand; which action contained so many precepts, being given for my direction. WARBURTON.

46. *I have possess'd him,*—] I have made him clearly and strongly comprehend. JOHNSON.

To *possess* had formerly the sense of *inform* or *acquaint.* As, in *Every Man in his Humour,* act i. sc. 5. Captain Bobadil says, "*possess* no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging." REED.

49. *That* stays upon *me*;——] So in *Macbeth:*

" Worthy

"Worthy Macbeth, we *stay upon* your leisure."
STEEVENS.

64. ——*false eyes*] That is, Eyes insidious and traiterous. JOHNSON.

So, in Chaucer's *Sompnoures Tale*, late edit. v. 7633:

"Ther is ful many an eye, and many an ere,
"Awaiting on a lord," &c. STEEVENS.

66. ——*contrarious quests*] Different reports, *running counter* to each other. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"The senate has sent out three several *quests*."
STEEVENS.

——*false and contrarious quests* in this place, rather mean *lying and contradictory messengers*, with whom *run volumes of report*. An explanation, which the line quoted by Mr. Steevens will serve to confirm.
REMARKS.

82. *Doth* flourish *the deceit*.——] A metaphor taken from embroidery, where a coarse ground is filled up, and covered with figures of rich materials and elegant workmanship. WARBURTON.

Flourish is *ornament in general*. So, in another play of Shakspere:

"empty trunks *o'er-flourish'd* by the devil."
STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton's illustration of the metaphor seems to be inaccurate. The passage from another of Shakspere's plays, quoted by Mr. Steevens, suggests to us the true one,

"—empty trunks *o'erflourish'd*," &c.

The

The term *flourish* alludes to the flowers impressed on the waste printed paper and old books, with which trunks are commonly lined. HENLEY.

83. ——*for yet our* tithe's *to sow.*] As before, the blundering editors have made a *prince* of the *priestly* Angelo, so here they have made *priest* of the *prince.* We should read *tilth*, *i. e.* our tillage is yet to make. The grain from which we expect our harvest, is not yet put into the ground. WARBURTON.

The reader is here attacked with a petty sophism. We should read *tilth*, *i. e.* our *tillage is to make.* But in the text it is *to sow*; and who has ever said that his *tillage* was to *sow*? I believe *tythe* is right, and that the expression is proverbial, in which *tythe* is taken, by an easy metonymy, for *harvest.* JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton did not do justice to his own conjecture; and no wonder, therefore, that Dr. Johnson has not.—*Tilth* is provincially used for *land till'd*, prepared for sowing. Shakspere, however, has applied it before in its usual acceptation. ——FARMER.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be supported by many instances in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635: "After the beginning of March you shall begin to sowe your barley upon that ground which the year before did lye fallow, and is commonly called your *tilth*, or fallow field." In p. 74 of this book, a corruption, like our author's, occurs. "As before, I said beginning to fallow your *tithe* field;" which is undoubtedly misprinted for *tilth* field. TOLLET.

Tilth

Tilth is used for *crop* or *harvest* by Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. v. fol. 93. b.

"To sowe cockill with the corne,
"So that the *tilth* is nigh forlorne, ——
"Which Christ *sew* first his owne honde."

Shakspere uses the word *tilth* elsewhere:

"——her plenteous womb
"Expresseth its full *tilth* and husbandry."

But my quotation from Gower shews that to *sow tilth* was a phrase once in use. STEEVENS.

It does not follow, because Dr. Farmer, Mr. Tollet, and Mr. Steevens have shewn that to *sow tilth* is not nonsense, it ought therefore to displace the original reading. The Duke is speaking in the person of an ecclesiastick; *tythe*, therefore, is a word more in character than *tilth*. Besides, the advantage expected by him to spring from the present stratagem, was but *one* of the TEN which he looked for from the whole of his plan. HENLEY.

116. ——*a good* favour——] *Favour* is countenance. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——why so tart a *favour*
"To publish such good tidings?" STEEVENS.

123. ——*what mistery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.*

Abhor. *Sir, it is a mistery.*

Clown. *Proof.*

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

Clown. *If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief*

thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief.] The last speech, which makes part of the Hangman's argument, is, by mistake, as the reader's own sagacity will readily perceive, given to the Clown or Bawd. I suppose, therefore, the poet gave us the whole thus:

Abhor. *Sir, it is a mistery.*

Clown. *Proof.*——

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief: if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough: if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.*

REVISAL.

127. ——*fits your thief.*] So in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, the Hangman says:

"Here is nyne and twenty sutes of apparell for my share."

True man, in the language of ancient times, is generally placed in opposition to *thief*. STEEVENS.

135. ——*ask forgiveness.*] So, in *As You Like It:*

"——The common executioner,
"Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes hard,
"Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
"But first *begs pardon.*" STEEVENS.

143. ——*a good turn.*] *i. e.* a turn off the ladder. He quibbles on the phrase according to its common acceptation. FARMER.

151. ——*starkly*——] Stiffly. These two lines afford a very pleasing image. JOHNSON.

163.

163. They *will then*,——] Perhaps *she* will then. Sir J. HAWKINS.

168. *Even with the stroke*——] *Stroke* is here put for the *stroke* of a pen or a line. JOHNSON.

171. *To qualify*——] To temper, to moderate, as we say wine is *qualified* with water. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

"I have drank but one cup to-night, and that was craftily *qualified* too." STEEVENS.

171. ——*were he meal'd*] Were he sprinkled; were he defiled. A figure of the same kind our author uses in *Macbeth*:

"*The* blood-bolter'd *Banquo*." JOHNSON.

So, in the *Philosophers Satires*, by Robert Anton:

"As if their perriwigs to death they gave
"To *meale* them in some gastly dead man's grave." STEEVENS.

Mealed is mingled, compounded from the French *mesler*. BLACKSTONE.

176. ——*that spirit's possest with haste,*
That wounds the unresisting *postern with these strokes.*] The line is irregular, and the *unresisting postern* so strange an expression, that want of measure, and want of sense, might justly raise suspicion of an error; yet none of the latter editors seem to have supposed the place faulty, except Sir Thomas Hanmer, who reads:

——*the* unresting *postern*,

The three folios have it:

——unsisting *postern*,

out

out of which Mr. Rowe made *unresisting*, and the rest followed him. JOHNSON.

188. ——siege *of justice*,] i. e. *seat* of justice. *Siege*, Fr. So, *Othello*:

" ——I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *siege*." STEEVENS.

191. Enter a Messenger.

Duke. *This is his lordship's man.*

Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*] The Provost has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded; and yet, upon the first appearance of the Messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon. It is evident, I think, that the names of the speakers are misplaced. If we suppose the Provost to say:

This is his lordship's man,

it is very natural for the Duke to subjoin,

And here comes Claudio's pardon.

The Duke might believe, upon very reasonable grounds, that Angelo had now sent the pardon. It appears that he did so, from what he says to himself, while the Provost is reading the letter:

This is his pardon; purchas'd by such sin.—
TYRWHITT.

When, immediately after the Duke had hinted his expectation of a pardon, the Provost sees the Messenger, he supposes the Duke to have *known something*, and changes his mind. Either reading may serve equally well. JOHNSON.

222. ——*one that is a prisoner nine years old.*] i. e.

That has been confined these nine years. So, in *Hamlet*, "Ere we were two days *old* at sea, a pirate of very warlike preparation," &c. MALONE.

236. ——*desperately mortal.*] This expression is obscure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *mortally desperate. Mortally* is in low conversation used in this sense, but I know not whether it was ever written. I am inclined to believe, that *desperately mortal* means *desperately mischievous*. Or *desperately mortal*, may mean a man likely to die in a *desperate* state, without reflection or repentance. JOHNSON.

268. ——*and tie the beard*;——] The *Revisal* recommends Mr. Simpson's emendation, DIE *the beard*; but the present reading may stand. Perhaps it was usual to *tie* up the beard before decollation. Sir T. More is said to have been ludicrously careful about this ornament of his face. It should, however, be remembered, that it was the custom *to die beards*.

So, in the old comedy of *Ram Alley*, 1611:

"What *colour'd beard* comes next by the window?

"A black man's, I think.

"I think, a *red*; for that is most in fashion."

Again, in the *Silent Woman*: "I have fitted my divine and canonist, *dyed their beards and all*."

Again, in the *Alchemist*: "——he had *dy'd his beard*, and all." STEEVENS.

A beard tied would give a very new air to that face, which had never been seen but with the beard loose, long, and squalid. JOHNSON.

269.

269. ——*to be so barb'd*] The old copy reads—so *bar'd*. STEEVENS.

There was no necessity for changing the old reading. On the contrary it agrees better with the context than that by which it is displaced. HENLEY.

270. ——*you know the course is common.*] *P. Mathieu*, in his *Heroyke Life and Deplorable Death of Henry the Fourth of France*, says, that Ravilliac, in the midst of his tortures, lifted up his head, and shook a spark of fire from his *beard*. "This unprofitable care, he adds, to save it being noted, afforded matter to divers to praise *the custome in Germany, Swisserland*, and divers other places *to shave off*, and then to burn all the haire from all parts of the bodies of those who are convicted for any notorious crimes." *Grimston's Translation*, 4to. 1612, p. 181. REED.

296. —*nothing of what is writ.*] We should read —*here writ*—the Duke pointing to the letter in his hand. WARBURTON.

297. —*the unfolding star calls up the shepherd:*]

"The star, that bids the shepherd fold,
"Now the top of heaven doth hold."

Milton's Comus.

STEEVENS.

"So doth the evening star present itself
"Unto the careful shepherd's gladsome eyes,
"By which unto the fold he leads his flock."

Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613.

MALONE.

308. ——*First, here's young master Rash*; &c.] This enumeration of the inhabitants of the prison affords a very striking view of the practices predominant in Shakspere's age. Besides those whose follies are common to all times, we have four fighting men and a traveller. It is not unlikely that the originals of the pictures were then known. JOHNSON.

First, here's young master Rash——] All the names here mentioned are characteristical. *Rash* was a stuff formerly used. So, in *A Reply as true as Steele, to a rusty, rayling, ridiculous, lying Libell, which was lately written by an impudent unsoder'd* Ironmonger, *and called by the name of* An Answer to a foolish Pamphlet, entitled, *A Swarme of Sectaries and Schismatiques.* By John Taylour, 1641:

"And with *mockado* suit, and judgment *rash*,
"And tongue of *saye*, thou'lt say all is but trash." MALONE.

309. ——*a commodity of brown* paper *and old ginger.*——] Thus the old copy. The modern editors read, *brown* pepper. The following passage in *Michaelmas Term*, a comedy, 1607, will justify the original reading:

"I know some gentlemen in town have been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawk's-hoods and *brown paper.*"

Again, in *A New Trick to cheat the Devil*, 1636:

"——to have been so bit already
"With taking up *commodities of brown paper*,
"Buttons past fashion, silks, and sattins,
"Babies

"Babies and children's fiddles, with like trash
"Took up at a dear rate, and sold for trifles."

Again, in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier*, 1620: "For the merchant, he delivered the iron, tin, lead, hops, sugars, spices, oyls, *brown paper*, or whatever else, from six months to six months. Which when the poor gentleman came to sell again, he could not make threescore and ten in the hundred besides the usury." Again, in Greene's *Defence of Coneycatching*, 1592: "—so that if he borrow an hundred pound, he shall have forty in silver, and threescore in wares, as lutestrings, hobby horses, or *brown papers*, or cloath," &c.

Again, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Commodities of pins, *brown papers*, packthread."

Again, in Gascoigne's *Steele Glasse*:

"To teach young men the trade to sell *brown paper*." STEEVENS.

A commodity of *brown paper*. Mr. Steevens supports this rightly. Fennor asks, in his *Compter's Commonwealth*, "suppose the *commodities* are delivered after Signior *Unthrift*, and Master *Broaker* have both sealed the bonds, how must those hobby-horses, *reams* of *brown paper*, Jewes trumpes and bables, babies and rattles be solde?" FARMER.

324. ——in *for the Lord's sake*.] *i. e.* to beg for the rest of their lives. WARBURTON.

The word *in* has been supplied by some of the modern editors. STEEVENS.

It appears from a poem entitled, *Paper's Complaint*, printed among Davies's epigrams, [about the year 1611] that this was the language in which prisoners, who were confined for debt, addressed passengers:

"Good gentle writers, *for the Lord's sake, for the Lord's sake*,

"Like *Ludgate prisoner*, lo, I, *begging* make

"My mone."——

Again, in Nashe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593:

——"At that time that thy joys were in the *Fleeting*, and thou crying *for the Lord's sake*, out at an iron window, in a lane not far from Ludgate-Hill."—— MALONE.

373. ——*to transport him*——] To remove him from one world to another. The French *trépas* affords a kindred sense. JOHNSON.

396. *To the under generation*,——] So Sir Thomas Hanmer; with true judgment. It was in all the former editions:

To yonder——

ye under and *yonder* were confounded. JOHNSON.

The old reading is not *yonder* but *yond*. STEEVENS.

419. *When it is least expected.*] A better reason might have been given. It was necessary to keep Isabella in ignorance, that she might with more keenness accuse the deputy. JOHNSON.

444. ——*your bosom*——] Your wish; your heart's desire. JOHNSON.

455.

455. *I am* combined *by a sacred vow,*] Shakspere uses *combine* for to *bind by a pact or agreement*, so he calls Angelo the *combinate* husband of Mariana. JOHNSON.

456. ——Wend *you*——] To *wend* is *to go*—An obsolete word. So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Hopeless and helpless doth Ægeon *wend*."

Again, in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599: "To let his Daughter *wend* with us to France." STEEVENS.

469. *if the old*, &c.] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, *thee* odd *fantastical duke*, but *old* is a common word of aggravation in ludicrous language, as, *there was* old *revelling*. JOHNSON.

472. —*he lives not in them.*] *i. e.* his character depends not on them. STEEVENS.

474. ——*woodman*,——] A *Woodman* seems to have been an attendant or servant to the officer, called *Forrester*. Mr. Reed, who makes this observation, cites in confirmation of it, *Manhood on the Forest Laws*, 4to. 1615. p. 46. but adds—It is here, however, used in a wanton sense, and was, probably in our author's time, generally so received. In like manner in *The Chances*, act i. sc. 9. the landlady says,

"Well, well, son John,
"I see you are a *woodman*, and can chuse
"Your deer tho' it be i' th' dark."

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff asks his mistresses:

"——Am I a *woodman*? ha!" STEEVENS.

508. ——*sort and suit,*] Figure and rank. JOHNSON.

512. ——*makes me* unpregnant,] In the first scene the Duke says that *Escalus* is *pregnant, i. e.* ready in the forms of law. *Unpregnant*, therefore, in this instance before us, is *unready, unprepared.* STEEVENS.

515. —*But that her tender shame*
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? Yet reason dares her?
No:

For my authority, &c.] Warburton explains this; '*dares her* to reply *No* to me, whatever I say.' Theobald corrects the passage and reads: 'dares her *note*.' Hanmer alters the pointing: 'dares her: *No*.' So does Upton: 'dares her—*No*.' Which he explains thus: *Were it not for her modesty, how might she proclaim my guilt? yet (you'll say) she has reason on her side, and that will dare her to do it. I think not; for my authority,* &c. Johnson says, he has nothing to offer worth insertion. Mr. Steevens would read: 'yet reason dares her *not*:' which he expounds, '*reason does not challenge or incite her to appear against me.*' Mr. Henley says, the expression is a provincial one, and means, 'reason *dares* her [by which we suppose he understands *defies* her] to do it, as by this means she would not only publish her "maiden loss," but also as she would suffer from the imposing credit of his station and power.' We think Mr. Henley rightly understands the passage, but has not sufficiently explained himself. Reason, or reflection, is, we conceive, personified by Shakspere,

Shakspere, and represented as *daring* or *over-awing* Isabella, and crying *No*, to her, whenever she finds herself prompted to 'tongue' Angelo. *Dare* is often met with in this sense by Shakspere. Beaumont and Fletcher have used the word *No* in a similar way in the *Chances*, act iii. sc. 4.

"———that she, or he,
"Or any of that family are tainted,
"Suffer disgrace, or ruin, by my pleasures,
"I wear a sword to satisfy the world *no*."

Again, in *A Wife for a Month*, act iv.

"I'm sure he did not, for I charg'd him *no*."

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518. ——*my authority bears a* credent *bulk*,

That no particular *scandal*, &c.] *Credent* is *creditable*, *enforcing credit*, *not questionable*. The old English writers often confound the active and passive adjectives. So Shakspere, and Milton after him, use *inexpressive* for *inexpressible*.

Particular is *private*, a French sense. No scandal from any *private* mouth can reach a man in my authority. JOHNSON.

The old copy reads—bears *of*—I suppose for—bears *off*, *i. e.* carries along with it. STEEVENS.

526. ———*we would, and we would not.*] Here undoubtedly the act should end, and was ended by the poet; for here is properly a cessation of action, and a night intervenes, and the place is changed between the passages of this scene, and those of the next. The next act beginning with the following scene,

scene, proceeds without any interruption of time or change of place. JOHNSON.

527. *These letters*——] Peter never delivers the letters, but tells his story without any credentials. The poet forgot the plot which he had formed. JOHNSON.

531. ——*you do* blench *from this to that*,] To *blench* is to start off, to fly off. STEEVENS.

544. *He says, to vail full purpose.*] Mr. Theobald alters it to,

He says t' availful *purpose.*

To vail full purpose, may, with very little force on the words, mean, *to hide the whole extent of our design*, and therefore the reading may stand; yet I cannot but think Mr. Theobald's alteration either lucky or ingenious. JOHNSON.

552. *Enter Friar Peter.*] This play has two friars, either of whom might singly have served. I should therefore imagine, that Friar Thomas, in the first act, might be changed, without any harm, to Friar Peter; for why should the Duke unnecessarily trust two in an affair which required only one. The name of Friar Thomas is never mentioned in the dialogue, and therefore seems arbitrarily placed at the head of the scene. JOHNSON.

555. *The* generous, *&c.*] *i. e.* the *most noble*, &c. *Generous* is here used in its Latin sense. "Virgo *generosa* et nobilis." Cicero. Shakspere uses it again in *Othello*:

"—the

" ——— the *generous* islanders
" By you invited" ——— STEEVENS.

556. *Have* hent *the gates*,—] Have seized, or taken possession of the gates. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir A. Gorges' translation of the 4th Book of Lucan :

" ——— did prevent
" His foes, ere they the hills had *hent*."

Again, in the bl. let. Romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*, no date :

" But with the childe homeward gan ryde
" That fro the gryffon was *hent*."

Again, in the ancient metrical Romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. let. no date:

" Some by the arms *hent* good Guy," &c.

Again,

" And some by the bridle him *hent*."

Spenser often uses the word *hend* for to *seize* or *take*, and *overhend* for to *overtake*. STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 21. ——*VAIL your regard*] That is, withdraw your thoughts from higher things, let your notice descend upon a wronged woman. To *vail*, is to lower. JOHNSON.

This

This is one of the few expressions which might have been borrowed from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1598:

"————*vail* thou thine ears."

So, in Stanyhurst's translation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"————*Phrygio liceat* servire *marito*."

"Let Dido *vail* her heart to bed-fellow Trojan."

STEEVENS.

Thus, in *Hamlet*:

"Do not for ever with thy *vailed lids*

"Seek not thy noble father in the dust."

HENLEY.

59. —*as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,*] *As shy*; as reserved, as abstracted: *as just*; as nice, as exact: *as absolute*; as complete in all the round of duty.

JOHNSON.

61. *In all his dressings*, &c.] In all his semblance of virtue, in all his habiliments of office. JOHNSON.

——*characts*,——] *i. e.* characters. See *Dugdale, Orig. Jurid.* p. 81.—"That he use ne hide, no charme, ne *carecte*." TYRWHITT.

So, in Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, Book I.

"With his *carecte* would him enchaunt."

Again,

"And read his *carecte* in the wise." B. V. f. 103.

Again,

"Through his *carectes* and figures."

B. VI. fol. 140.

Again,

"And

"And his *carecte* as he was taught,

"He rad," &c. STEEVENS.

Charact signifies an inscription. The stat. 1 Ed. VI. c. 2. directed the seals of office of every bishop to have "certain *charactes* under the king's arms, for the knowledge of the diocess." *Characters* are the letters in which the inscription is written. *Charactery* is the materials of which characters are composed.

"Fairies use flowers for their *charactery*."

Merry Wives of Windsor.

BLACKSTONE.

69. *As e'er I heard*, &c.] This is the reading of the old copy. I suspect Shakspere wrote,

As ne'er *I heard in madness.* MALONE.

71. ——*do not banish reason*

For inequality:——] Let not the high quality of my adversary prejudice you against me.

JOHNSON.

I imagine the meaning rather is—*Do not* suppose I am mad, because I speak passionately and *unequally.*

MALONE.

109. *How he* refell'd *me*,——] To *refel* is to refute.

"Refellere *et coarguere mendacium.*" Cicero pro Ligario.

Ben Jonson uses the word:

"Friends, not to *refel* you,

"Or any way quell you."

Again, in *The Second Part of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore go on, young Bruce, proceed, *re-fell*

"The allegation." STEEVENS.

113. *To his* concupiscible, &c.] Such is the old reading. The modern editors unauthoritatively substitute *concupiscent*. STEEVENS.

117. *His purpose* surfeiting] Thus the old copy. So, in *Othello*:

"———my hopes not *surfeited* to death."

STEEVENS.

120. *Oh that it were as* like, *as it is true!*] The meaning, I think, is: O that it had as much of the *appearance* as it has of the *reality* of truth! MALONE.

121. ——fond *wretch*,——] *Fond* wretch is *foolish* wretch. So in another play of our author:

"'Tis *fond* to wail inevitable strokes."

STEEVENS.

123. *In hateful* practice:——] *Practice* was used by the old writers for any unlawful or insidious stratagem. So again:

"*This must needs be* practice:"

and again:

"*Let me have way to find this* practice *out.*"

JOHNSON.

135. *In countenance!*—] *i. e.* in partial favour. WARBURTON.

140. ———practice.] *Practice* in Shakspere, very often means *shameful artifice*, unjustifiable stratagem. So in *King Lear*:

"This is *practice*, Gloster."

Again, in *King John*:

"It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand,
"The *practice* and the purpose of the king."

STEEVENS.

163. —*nor a* temporary *medler*,] It is hard to know what is meant by a *temporary* medler. In its usual sense, as opposed to *perpetual*, it cannot be used here. It may stand for *temporal*: the sense will then be, *I know him for a holy man, one that meddles not with* secular *affairs*. It may mean *temporising*: *I know him to be a holy man, one who would not* temporise, *or take the opportunity of your absence to defame you*. Or we may read:

Not scurvy, nor a tamperer *and medler*:

not one who would have *tampered* with this woman to make her a false evidence against your deputy.

JOHNSON.

Peter here refers to what Lucio had before affirmed concerning Friar Lodowick. Hence it is evident that the phrase TEMPORARY *medler*, was intended to signify *one who intruded himself*, as often as he could find opportunity, *into other men's concerns*. See the context.

HENLEY.

178. *So* vulgarly—] *Vulgarly*, I believe means *publickly*. The *vulgar* are *the common people*. Daniel uses *vulgarly* for *among the common people*:

"———and which pleases *vulgarly*."

STEEVENS.

184. "———*Come, cousin Angelo,*
"*In this I'll be* impartial: *be you judge*
"*Of your own cause.*"

Surely, says Mr. Theobald, this Duke had odd notions of impartiality!—He reads therefore, "*I will be partial*," and all the editors follow him: even Mr. Heath declares the observation unanswerable. But see the uncertainty of criticism! *impartial* was sometimes used in the sense of *partial*. In the old play of *Swetnam the Woman Hater*, Atlanta cries out, when the judges decree against the women:

"You are *impartial*, and we do appeal
"From you to judges more indifferent."

FARMER.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2d Part, 1602:

"——There's not a beauty lives
"Hath that *impartial* predominance
"O'er my affects, as your enchanting graces."

Again, in the first edit. of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1597:

"Cruel, unjust, *impartial* destinies!"

In support of the old reading, and in confirmation of Dr. Farmer's observation, it may be remarked, that the writers who were contemporary with Shakspere, when they would express what we now call *impartial*, generally use the word *unpartial*. Thus Marston in the play above quoted:

"I tell you, Lady, had you view'd us both
"With an *unpartial* eye."——

So Speed, in his *Hist. of Great-Britain*, 1614, speaking of the death of queen Elizabeth, says,—"The God of peace called her to a far higher glory by his *unpartial* messenger, Death." And indeed, I believe, it will be found, that the ancient English privative *un*, was in our

our author's time generally used; and that *in* or *im*, which modern writers have substituted in its place, was then frequently used as an augmentative or intensive particle. Thus *impartial* was used for *very partial*, and *indifferent* for *very different*. See a note on the *Taming of a Shrew*, act iv. MALONE.

197. *Neither maid, widow, nor wife?*] This is a proverbial phrase to be found in Ray's Collection. STEEVENS.

223. *This is a strange abuse:—*] *Abuse* stands in this place for *deception* or *puzzle*. So in *Macbeth*,

"——*my strange and self* abuse,

means, *this strange* deception *of myself*. JOHNSON.

230. *And did supply thee at thy* garden-house,] A *garden-house*, in the time of our author, was usually appropriated to purposes of intrigue. So in SKIALETHIA, *or a shadow of truth, in certain Epigrams and Satyres*, 1598:

"Who, coming from the CURTAIN, sneaketh in
"To some old *garden*, noted *house* for sin."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605: "Sweet lady, if you have any friend, or *garden-house*, where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service." MALONE.

See also an extract from *Stubbes's Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to. 1597, p. 57; quoted by Mr. Reed in the 5th Vol. of *Dodsley's Old Plays*, edit. 1780, p. 74. EDITOR.

239. ——*her promised proportions*
Came short of composition;] Her fortune, which

was promised *proportionate* to mine, fell short of the *composition*, that is, contract or bargain. JOHNSON.

258. *These poor* informal *women*——] *Informal* signifies *out of their senses*. In the *Comedy of Errors*, we meet with these lines:

"——I will not let him stir,
"Till I have used the approved means I have,
"With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
"To make of him a *formal* man again."

Formal, in this passage, evidently signifies *in his senses*. The lines are spoken of Antipholis of Syracuse, who is behaving like a madman. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Thou shouldst come like a fury crown'd with snakes,
"Not like a *formal* man." STEEVENS.

268. *That's* seal'd *in approbation?*——] When any thing subject to counterfeits is tried by the proper officers and approved, a stamp or *seal* is put upon it, as among us on plate, weights, and measures. So the Duke says, that Angelo's faith has been tried, *approved*, and *seal'd* in testimony of that *approbation*, and, like other things so *sealed*, is no more to be called in question. JOHNSON.

279. ——*to hear this matter forth,*] To hear it to the end; to search it to the bottom. JOHNSON.

308. —— *are* light *at midnight.*] See note on the *Merchant of Venice*, act v. STEEVENS.

316.

316. *—let the devil,* &c.] In Holland's translation of Pliny, 5th book and 8th chapter, we meet with this idea. "The Augylæ *do no worship* to any but to the *devils* beneath." The book however was not published early enough for Shakspere to have seen it, when he wrote this play. STEEVENS.

325. *——to retort your manifest appeal,*] To *refer back* to Angelo the cause in which you *appealed* from Angelo to the Duke. JOHNSON.

341. *Nor here provincial:——*] Nor here *accountable*. The meaning seems to be, I am not one of his natural subjects, nor of any dependent province. JOHNSON.

346. *Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,*] Barbers shops were, at all times, the resort of idle people:

"*Tonstrina erat quædam: hic solebamus ferè*
"*Plerumque eam opperiri.*"——

Which Donatus calls *apta sedis otiosis*. Formerly with us, the better sort of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed; who then practised the under parts of surgery: so that he had occasion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people, with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose there was placed up against the wall a table of forfeitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority. WARBURTON.

This

This explanation may serve till a better is discovered. But whoever has seen the instruments of a chirurgeon, knows that they may be very easily kept out of improper hands in a very small box, or in his pocket. JOHNSON.

The forfeits in a barber's shop are brought forward by Mr. Kenrick with a parade worthy of the subject. FARMER.

It was formerly part of a *barber*'s occupation to *pick* the *teeth* and *ears*. So in the old play of *Herod* and *Antipater*, 1622, *Tryphon* the *barber* enters with a case of instruments, to each of which he addresses himself separately:

"Toothpick, dear toothpick; earpick, both of you
"Have been her sweet companions!" &c.

STEEVENS.

I believe Dr. Warburton's explanation in the main to be right. Only that instead of chirurgical instruments, the barber's prohibited implements were principally his razors; his whole stock of which, from the number and impatience of his customers on a Saturday night or a market-day morning, being necessarily laid ready for use, were exposed to the idle fingers of the bye-standers in waiting for succession to the chair.

These forfeits were as much in *mock* as *mark*, both because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and also as they were of a ludicrous nature. I perfectly remember to have seen them in Devonshire

Devonshire (printed like king Charles's Rules) though I cannot recollect their contents. HENLEY.

359. ——*and a coward,*——] So again afterwards:

"*You, sirrah, that know me for a fool, a* coward,

"*One all of luxury*"——

But Lucio had not, in the former conversation, mentioned *cowardice* among the faults of the Duke.—Such failures of memory are incident to writers more diligent than this poet. JOHNSON.

373. ——*these* giglots *too*——] A *giglot* is a wanton wench. So in *K. Henry VI.* Part I.

"——young Talbot was not born

"To be the pillage of a *giglot* wench." STEEVENS.

379. ——*show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! will't not off?*] This is intended to be the common language of vulgar indignation. Our phrase on such occasions is simply; *show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged.* The words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom. I suppose it was written thus, *show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged—an how? will't not off?* In the midland counties, upon any unexpected obstruction or resistance, it is common to exclaim *an' how.*"

Show your sheep-biting face, and be *hang'd an hour!*] Dr. Johnson's alteration is wrong. In the *Alchemist* we meet with "a man that has been *strangled an hour.*" "What, Piper, ho! *be hang'd a-while,*" is a line of an old madrigal. FARMER.

A similar expression is found in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614:

"Leave

"Leave the bottle behind you, and be curst a *while.*" MALONE.

Shew your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour.] Dr. Johnson is much too positive in asserting "that the words *an hour* have no particular use here, nor are authorised by custom," as Dr. Farmer has well proved. The poet evidently refers to the ancient mode of punishing by means of the collistrigium, or original pillory; made like that part of the pillory at present which receives the neck, only it was placed horizontally, so that the culprit hung suspended in it by his chin, and the back of his head. A distinct account of it may be found, if I mistake not, in Mr. Barrington's *Observations on the Statutes.* HENLEY.

397. ——*my* passes:——] *i. e.* what has past in my administration. STEEVENS.

412. *Advertising, and holy*——] Attentive and faithful. JOHNSON.

419. ——*be you as free to us.*] Be as *generous* to us, pardon us as we have pardoned you. JOHNSON.

427. *That brain'd my purpose:*——] We now use in conversation a like phrase. *This it was that knocked my design on the head.* JOHNSON.

440. ——*even from his proper tongue,*] Even from Angelo's *own tongue.* So above.

"*In the witness of his* proper *ear*
"*To call him villain.*" JOHNSON.

448. *Like doth quit like, and* measure *still* for measure.] So in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.*

"*Measure*

"*Measure for Measure* must be answered." STEEVENS.

The following lines in an old tragedy entitled—*A Warning for faire Women*, 1599 (but apparently written some years before); might have furnished Shakspere with the title of this play:

"The trial now remains as shall conclude,
"*Measure for Measure*, and lost blood for blood." MALONE.

445. ——*denies thee vantage*:] Takes from thee all opportunity, all expedient of denial. WARBURTON.

468. *Against all* sense *you do importune her*:] The meaning required is, against all reason and natural affection; Shakspere, therefore, judiciously uses a single word that implies both; *sense* signifying both reason and affection. JOHNSON.

The same expression occurs in the *Tempest*, act ii.

"You cram these words into my ears, against
"The stomach of my *sense*." STEEVENS.

484. *Till he did look on me*;——] The Duke has justly observed, that Isabel is *importuned against all sense* to solicit for Angelo, yet here *against all sense* she solicits for him. Her argument is extraordinary,

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,——
Let him not die.

That Angelo had committed all the crimes charged against him, as far as he could commit them, is evident. The only *intent* which *his act did not overtake*, was the defilement of Isabel. Of this Angelo was only intentionally guilty.

Angelo's

Angelo's crimes were such, as must sufficiently justify punishment, whether its end be to secure the innocent from wrong, or to deter guilt by example; and I believe every reader feels some indignation when he finds him spared. From what extenuation of his crime can Isabel, who yet supposes her brother dead, form any plea in his favour? *Since he was good 'till he looked on me, let him not die.* I am afraid our varlet poet intended to inculcate, that women think ill of nothing that raises the credit of their beauty, and are ready, however virtuous, to pardon any act which they think incited by their own charms. JOHNSON.

"How oft the sight of power to do ill deeds,
"Makes ill deeds done!" *King John.* STEEVENS.

489. *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent;*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"The flighty purpose never is *o'ertook*,
"Unless the deed go with it." STEEVENS.

504. ——*after more advice:*] *i. e.* after more mature consideration. STEEVENS.

526. ——*for those earthly faults,*——] Thy faults, so far as they are punishable on earth, so far as they are cognizable by temporal power, I forgive. JOHNSON.

537. ——*perceives he's safe;*] It is somewhat strange that Isabel is not made to express either gratitude, wonder, or joy at the sight of her brother. JOHNSON.

539. ——*your evil* quits *you well:*] *Quits you*, recompenses, requites you. JOHNSON.

540. *Look, that you love your wife;*——] So in *Promos*, &c.

"Be

"Be loving to good Cassandra, thy wife."
STEEVENS.

540. ——*her worth, worth yours.*] *i. e.* her value is equal to your value, the match is not unworthy of you. JOHNSON.

547. ——*according to the trick:*——] To my custom, my habitual practice. JOHNSON.

563. —*thy other forfeits:*——] Thy other punishments. JOHNSON.

To *forfeit* anciently signified *to commit a carnal offence.* So, in the 12th Pageant of the Coventry Collection of Mysteries, the Virgin Mary tells Joseph:

"I dede nevyr *forfete* with man I wys."
MS. Cott. Vesp. D. viii.
STEEVENS.

571. *Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness:*] I have always thought that there is great confusion in this concluding speech. If my criticism would not be censured as too licentious, I should regulate it thus:

Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much goodness.
Thanks, Provost, for thy care and secrecy;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's.
Ang. *Th' offence pardons itself.*
Duke. *There's more behind*
That is more gratulate. Dear Isabel,
I have a motion, &c. JOHNSON.

572. ——*that is more* gratulate.] *i. e. to be more rejoiced in;*——meaning, I suppose, that there is another

ther world, where he will find yet greater reason to rejoice in consequence of his upright ministry. *Escalus* is represented as an ancient nobleman, who, in conjunction with Angelo, had reached the highest office of the state. He therefore could not be sufficiently rewarded here; but is necessarily referred to a future and more exalted recompence. STEEVENS.

I cannot help taking notice with how much judgment Shakspere has given turns to this story from what he found it in Cynthio Giraldi's novel. In the first place, the brother is there actually executed, and the governor sends his head in a bravado to the sister, after he had debauched her on promise of marriage. A circumstance of too much horror and villany for the stage. And, in the next place, the sister afterwards is, to solder up her disgrace, married to the governor, and begs his life of the emperor, though he had unjustly been the death of her brother. Both which absurdities the poet has avoided by the episode of Mariana, a creature purely of his own invention. The Duke's remaining incognito at home to supervise the conduct of his deputy, is also entirely our author's fiction. THEOBALD.

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

COMEDY of ERRORS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *SHAKSPERE* rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of

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MDCCLXXXV.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF THE

COMEDY of ERRORS.

SHAKSPERE certainly took the general plan of this comedy from a translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, by W. W. i. e. (according to Wood) William Warner, in 1595, whose version of the acrostical argument is as follows:

" Two twinne-borne sonnes, a Sicill marchant had,
" Menechmus one, and Sosicles the other;
" The first his father lost a little lad,
" The grandsire namde the latter like his brother:
" This (growne a man) long travell tooke to seeke
" His brother, and to Epidamnum came,
" Where th'other dwelt inricht, and him so like,
" That citizens there take him for the same:
" Father, wife, neighbours, each mistaking either,
" Much pleasant error, ere they meet togither."

Perhaps the last of these lines suggested to Shakspere the title for his piece.

In this comedy we find more intricacy of plot than distinction of character; and our attention is less forcibly engaged, because we can guess in great measure how the denoüement will

will be brought about. Yet the poet seems unwilling to part with his subject, even in this last and unnecessary scene, where the same mistakes are continued, till their power of affording entertainment is entirely lost. STEEVENS.

Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*
ANTIPHOLIS *of Ephesus*, } *Twin-Brothers, and Sons to*
ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse*, } *Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*
DROMIO *of Ephesus*, } *Twin-Brothers, and Slaves to the*
DROMIO *of Syracuse*, } *two Antipholis's.*
BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*
ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*
A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.
Dr. PINCH, *a Schoolmaster, and a Conjurer.*

WOMEN.

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*
ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*
LUCIANA, *Sister to Adriana.*
LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*
A Courtezan.

Jailer, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Ephesus.*



COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's Palace. Enter the Duke of Ephesus, ÆGEON, *Jailer, and other Attendants.*

Ægeon.

PROCEED, Solinus, to procure my fall,
And, by the doom of death, end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracusa, plead no more;
I am not partial, to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,

It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, If any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, If any, Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose;
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.
Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort; when your words are done,
My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusan, say, in brief, the cause
Why thou departedst from thy native home;
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Ægeon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable:
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.
In Syracusa was I born; and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me,
And by me too, had not our hap been bad.
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By prosperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum, till my factor's death;

And

And he, great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:
From whom my absence was not six months old,
Before herself (almost at fainting, under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)
Had made provision for her following me,
And soon, and safe, arrived where I was.
There she had not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons;
And, which was strange, the one so like the other,
As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike:
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return:
Unwilling I agreed; alas, too soon.
We came aboard:
A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm:
But longer did we not retain much hope;
For what obscured light the heavens did grant
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which, though myself would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the incessant weepings of my wife,
Weeping before, for what she saw must come,

And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means were none.—
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us:
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as sea-faring men provide for storms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whil'st I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wish'd light,
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this:
But ere they came,—Oh, let me say no more!
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;

Which

Which being violently borne upon
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ship had seiz'd on us;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwreck'd guests;
And would have reft the fisher of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail,
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.—
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And, for the sakes of them thou sorrowest for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.

Ægeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name),
Might bear him company in the quest of him;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,

I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus;
Hopeless to find, yet loth to leave unsought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear the extremity of dire mishap!
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not disannul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But, though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can:
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,
To seek thy help by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus;
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:—
Jailer, take him to thy custody. [*Ex. Duke and Train.*

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless, and helpless, doth Ægeon wend,
But to procrastinate his liveless end.

[*Exeunt* Ægeon *and Jailer.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse, a Merchant, and* DROMIO.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day, a Syracusan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
There is your money, that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we host,
And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
'Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit* DROMIO.

Ant. A trusty villain, sir; that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to my inn and dine with me?

Mer.

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit,
I crave your pardon. Soon, at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time;
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel till then: I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

Ant. He that commends me to mine own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop;
Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Here comes the almanack of my true date.—
What now? How chance, thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit;
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell,
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold, because you come not home;
You come not home, because you have no stomach;

You

You have no stomach, having broke your fast;
But we, that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, sir: tell me this, I pray;
Where have you left the money, that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—six-pence, that I had o' Wednesday last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper;—
The sadler had it, sir, I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me, and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post
If I return, I shall be post indeed,
For she will score your fault upon my pate.
Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, these jests are out of season;
Reserve them till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, sir? why you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me, how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart

Home

Home to your house, the Phœnix, sir, to dinner;
My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have dispos'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou had'st of me?

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate,
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,
But not a thousand marks between you both.—
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phœnix;
She, that doth fast, till you come home to dinner,
And prays, that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands;
Nay, an you will not sir, I'll take my heels.

Exit DROMIO.

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers, that deceive the eye,

Dark-

Dark-working sorcerers, that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave;
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus. Enter ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

Adriana.

NEITHER my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty;
Time is their master; and, when they see time,
They'll go or come: If so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out o'door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none, but asses, will be bridled so.

Luc. Why head-strong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's

There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye,
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subject, and at their controuls:
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience, unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;
They can be meek, that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruis'd with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves complain:
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:
But, if thou live to see like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to try;—
Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he is at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, did'st thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear: Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems, he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad; but, sure, he's stark mad:
When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Will you come? quoth I; *My gold*, quoth he:
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, *is burn'd*; *My gold*, quoth he:
My mistress, sir, quoth I; *Hang up thy mistress*;
I know not thy mistress; out on thy mistress!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my master:
I know, quoth he, *no house, no wife, no mistress*;—
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating:
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant; fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you, as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither:
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[*Exit.*

Luc. Fye, how impatience lowreth in your face!

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath wasted it:
Are my discourses dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay vestments his affections bait?
That's not my fault, he's master of my state:

What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures: My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair:
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy!—fye, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or else, what lets it but he would be here?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain;—
Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed!
I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold 'bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and so no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Street. *Enter* ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse.*

Ant. The gold, I gave to Dromio, is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful slave

Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart: See, here he comes.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

How now, sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the Phœnix? Wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt;
And told'st me of a mistress, and a dinner;
For which, I hope, thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I am glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest? I pray you, master, tell me.

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou, I jest? Hold, take thou that, and that. [*Beats* DROMIO.

S. Dro. Hold, sir, for God's sake: now your jest is earnest:
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,

Your

Your sauciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his beams.
If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanor to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? so you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head: an you use these blows long, I must get a sconce for my head, and insconce it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders. But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, sir; but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, sir, and wherefore; for, they say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first, for flouting me; and then, wherefore,—
For urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season?
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is neither rhime nor reason?—
Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, sir? for what?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, for this something that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for something. But say, sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, sir; I think, the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, sir, pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me another dry-basting.

Ant. Well, sir, learn to jest in good time; There's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, sir?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as the plain bald pate of father time himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose

lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; Yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew, 'twould be a bald conclusion: But soft! who wafts us yonder?

Enter ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look strange, and frown; Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,

I am

I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou unurg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were musick to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee.
How comes it now, my husband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part,
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition, or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear, I were licentious?
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
I know thou can'st; and therefore, see, thou do it.

I am

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
I live dis-stain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:
In Ephesus I am but two hours old,
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fye, brother! how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,—
That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows,
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names,
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr.

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grosly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine:
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine;
Whose weakness, marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate:
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, briar, or idle moss;
Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.
Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme:
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
Until I know this sure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner.
This is the fairy land;—oh, spight of spights!—
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprights;
If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and answer'st not?
Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug, thou sot!
S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant.

Ant. I think, thou art, in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind, and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true; she rides me, and I long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
But I should know her as well as she knows me.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye and weep,
Whilst man, and master, laugh my woes to scorn.—
Come, sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate:—
Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
And shrive you of a thousand idle pranks:
Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
Say, he dines forth, and let no creature enter.—
Come, sister: Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking? mad, or well-advis'd?
Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd!
I'll say as they say, and persever so,
And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before ANTIPHOLIS's *House.* *Enter* ANTIPHOLIS *of Ephesus*, DROMIO *of Ephesus*, ANGELO, *and* BALTHAZAR.

E. Ant. Good signior Angelo, you must excuse us all;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours:
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop,
To see the making of her carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart; and that I beat him,
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:— 9
Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, sir, but I know what I know:
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show:
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.
I should kick, being kick'd; and, being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant.

E. Ant. You are sad, signior Balthazar: Pray god, our cheer
May answer my good-will, and your good welcome here.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah, signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,
A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common, that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and great welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:
But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.
But, soft; my door is lock'd; Go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!

S. Dro. [*within*] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'dst for such store,
When one is one too many? go get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner; I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to-day here you must not; come again, when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou, that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and my name;
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
If thou had'st been Dromio to-day in my place,
Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [*within*] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. Faith no; he comes too late;
And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O Lord, I must laugh:—
Have at you with a proverb.—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. Have at you with another: that's,—When? can you tell?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I trow?

Luce. I thought to have ask'd you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

E. Dro. So, come, help; well struck; there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [*within*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys,

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, sir knave! go, get you from the door.

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door, master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within; you stand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck, to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go, fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, sir; and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro. It seems, thou wantest breaking; Out upon thee, hind!

E. Dro. Here's too much, out upon thee! I pray thee, let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; Go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather; master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:

If

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir; oh, let it not be so;
Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
The unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this,—Your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years, and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse,
Why at this time the doors are made against you.
Be rul'd by me; depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner:
And, about evening, come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession;
For ever hous'd, where't gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in despight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty; wild, and, yet too, gentle,—
There will we dine: this woman that I mean,

My wife (but, I protest, without desert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this, I know, 'tis made:
Bring it I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the house; that chain will I bestow
(Be it for nothing but to spight my wife),
Upon mine hostess there: good sir, make haste:
Since my own doors refuse to entertain me,
I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do so; This jest shall cost me some expence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The House of ANTIPHOLIS *of Ephesus. Enter* LUCIANA *with* ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse.*

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A husbands's office? shall, Antipholis, hate,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love, in building, grow so ruinate?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness:
Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth;
Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness:

Let

Let not my sister read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator;
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger:
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint;
Be secret false; What need she be acquainted?
What simple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;]
Though others have the arm, shew us the sleeve;
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife:
'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I know not,
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine)
Less, in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not
Than our earth's wonder; more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
Lay open to my earthy gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.

Against

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears;
Sing, syren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think
He gains by death, that hath such means to die:—
Let love, being light, be drowned if he sink!

Luc. What are you mad, that you do reason so?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;
It is thyself, mine own self's better part;

Mine

Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart;
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should be.

Ant. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife:
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh, soft, sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good-will. [*Ex.* Luc.

Enter Dromio *of Syracuse.*

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio? where run'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. Do you know me, sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myself?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyself.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man, and besides myself.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, such a claim as you would lay to your horse; and she would have me as a beast: not that, I being a beast, she would have me; but that

that she, being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is she?

S. Dro. A very reverent body; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, sir-reverence: I have but lean luck in the match, and yet is she a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease; and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter: if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept; For why? she sweats, a man may go over shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, sir;—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe; I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it by the barrenness; hard, in the palm of the hand.

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro. In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England? 260

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them: but I guess it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it, hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, sir upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of Spain; who sent whole armadoes of carracks to be ballasted at her nose. 272

S. Ant. Where stood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, sir, I did not look so low. To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me; call'd me Dromio, swore, I was assur'd to her; told me what privy marks I had about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch: And, I think, if my breast had not been

been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and made me turn i' the wheel.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee presently, post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk, till thou return to me.
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence.
She, that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor: but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO, *with a Chain.*

Ang. Master Antipholis?

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir: Lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine:
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will, that I shall do with this?

Ang.

Ang. What please yourself, sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir; fare you well. [*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell:
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden gifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

Act IV. SCENE I.

The Street. Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, *and an Officer.*

Merchant.

You know, since Pentecost the sum is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:
Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis:
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain; at five o'clock,
I shall receive the money for the same:
Please you but walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS *of Ephesus, and* DROMIO *of Ephesus, as from the Courtezan's.*

Offi. That labour you may save; see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I bestow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.—
But soft, I see the goldsmith:—get thee gone;
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year! I buy a rope! [*Exit* DROMIO.

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that trusts to you:
I promised your presence, and the chain;
But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me;
Belike, you thought our love would last too long,
If it were chain'd together; and therefore came not.

Ang.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carrat;
The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman:
I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present money;
Besides, I have some business in the town:
Good signior, take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof:
Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself?

E. Ant. No; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will: Have you the chain about you?

E. Ant. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have;
Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide stays for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance, to excuse
Your breach of promise to the Porcupine:
I should have chid you for not bringing it,
But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on; I pray you, sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me; the chain—

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now;
Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fye, now you run this humour out of breath!
Come, where's the chain? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance:
Good sir, say, whe'r you'll answer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you! why should I answer you?

Ang. The money, that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none, 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it:
Consider, how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do;
And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation:—
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;—
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.
Offi. I do arrest you, sir; you hear the suit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail:—
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.
Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse, from the Bay.*

S. Dro. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
Then, sir, she bears away: our fraughtage, sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land: they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and yourself.
E. Ant. How now! a madman! why thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?
S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.
S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight;
Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats; let her send it;
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me: hie thee, slave; begone:
On, officer, to prison till it come. [*Exeunt.*

S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her husband:
She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their master's minds fulfil. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The House of ANTIPHOLIS *of Ephesus. Enter* ADRIANA, *and* LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?
Look'd he or red, or pale; or sad, or merrily?
What observation mad'st thou in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him no right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none; the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn he were.

Luc.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words, that in an honest suit might move.

First, he did praise my beauty; then, my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me still;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind;
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one?
No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I say,
And yet, would herein others' eyes were worse:
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away:
My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

S. Dro. Here, go; the desk, the purse; sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How, hast thou lost thy breath?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio? is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell:
A devil

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One, whose hard heart is button'd up with steel;
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough;
A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that countermands
The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow lands;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested? tell me, at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested, well;
But he's in a suit of buff, which 'rested him, that I can tell:
Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the money in his desk?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister.—This I wonder at,

[*Exit* LUCIANA.

That he, unknown to me, should be in debt!
Tell me, was he arrested on a band?

S. Dro. Not on a band, but on a stronger thing;
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time, that I were gone.

It

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, If any hour meet a serjeant, a'turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly dost thou reason?

S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too: Have you not heard men say,
That time comes stealing on by night and day?
If time be in debt, and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day?

Enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it straight;
And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister: I am press'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort, and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Street. Enter ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse.*

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet, but doth salute me
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.

Some

Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy:
Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And, therewithal, took measure of my body.
Sure, these are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for: What, have you got the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? What Adam dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam, that kept the paradise, but that Adam, that keeps the prison: he that goes in the calves-skin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, it is a plain case: he that went like a base-viol, in a case of leather; the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'rests them; he, sir, that takes pity on decayed men, and gives 'em suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a morris pike.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. Ay, sir, the serjeant of the band: he, that brings any man to answer it, that breaks his band; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and saith, *God give you good rest!*

S. Ant. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery. Is there
Any ships puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark Expedition put forth to-night; and then were you hindered by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy, Delay: Here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I;
And here we wander in illusions:
Some blessed power deliver us from hence!

Enter a Courtezan.

Cour. Well met, well met, master Antipholis.
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain, you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not!

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress Satan?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, she is worse, she's the devil's dam; and here she comes in the habit of a light wench: and therefore comes, that the wenches say, *God damn me*, that's as much as to say, *God make me a light wench.* It is written, they appear to men like angels

of light: light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me? we'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon, that must eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress:
I conjure thee to leave me, and begone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promis'd;
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils
Ask but the paring of one's nail, a rush,
A hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
A cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an' if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! Come Dromio, let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock: Mistress, that you know. [*Exeunt* Ant. *and* Dro.

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself:
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one, and other, he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale, he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away: This course I fittest chuse;
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The Street. *Enter* ANTIPHOLIS *of* EPHESUS, *with a Jailor.*

E. Ant. Fear me not, man, I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day;
And will not lightly trust the messenger,
That I should be attach'd in Ephesus:
I tell you, 'twill sound harshly in her ears.—

Enter DROMIO *of Ephesus with a Rope's-End.*

Here comes my man; I think, he brings the money. How now, sir? have you that I sent you for;

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's end, sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beats* DROMIO.

Offi. Good sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adversity.

Offi. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his

hands for my service, but blows: when I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and, I think, when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *and the Courtezan, with a Schoolmaster called* PINCH, *and others.*

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, *Beware the rope's end.*

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats* DROMIO.

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.—
Good doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer;
Establish him in his true sense again,
And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstacy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Sathan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight;

I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doting wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

E. Ant. You minion, you, are these your customers? Did this companion with the saffron face Revel and feast it at my house to day, Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut, And I denyd to enter in my house?

Adr. Oh, husband, God doth know, you din'd at home, Were 'would you had remain'd until this time, Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

E. Ant. Din'd I at home? Thou villain, what say'st thou?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out?

E. Dro. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

E. Ant. And did not she herself revile me there?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

E. Dro. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witness, That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraries?

Pinch.

Pinch. It is no shame; the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.
Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.
E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good-will you might,
But, surely, master, not a rag of money.
E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witness with her, that she did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker, bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope!
Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks:
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day,
And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;
But, I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.
E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me:
But with these nails I'll pluck out these false eyes,
That would behold me in this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him; he strives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company;—the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!

E. Ant. What, will you murder me? Thou jailor, thou,
I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Offi. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Offi. He is my prisoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes, will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee:
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[*They bind* ANTIPHOLIS *and* DROMIO.

And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—Oh, most unhappy day!

E. Ant. Oh, most unhappy strumpet!

E. Dro. Master, I am here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore dost thou mad me?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad,
Good master; cry the devil.—
Luc. God help, poor souls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence. Sister, go you with me.
[*Exeunt* PINCH, ANTIPH. DROMIO, *&c.*
Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?
Offi. One Angelo, a goldsmith; Do you know him?
Adr. I know the man: What is the sum he owes?
Offi. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Offi. Due for a chain, your husband had of him.
Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your husband, all in rage, to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),
Straight after, did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS *of Syracuse, with his Rapier drawn, and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose again.
Adr. And come with naked swords; let's call more help,
To have them bound again.
Offi. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent

Manent ANTIPHOLIS, *and* DROMIO.

S. Ant. I see, these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She, that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the Centaur; fetch our stuff from thence:
I long, that we were safe and sound abroad.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw, they speak us fair, give us gold: methinks, they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away to get our stuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street, before a Priory. Enter the Merchant, and ANGELO.

Angelo.

I AM sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS *and* DROMIO *of Syracuse.*

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self-chain about his neck,
Which he forswore, most monstrously, to have.
Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this shame and trouble;
And not without some scandal to yourself,
With circumstance, and oaths, so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly:
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend;
Who, but for staying on our controversy,
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day;
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think, I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir; and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee:
Fye on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus:
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezan, and others.*

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's sake; he is mad;—

Some

Some get within him, take his sword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

S. Dro. Run, master, run; for God's sake, take a house.
This is some priory;—In, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people; Wherefore throng you hither?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence:
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was;
But, 'till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A sin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last;
Namely, some love, that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb.

Abb. But not rough enough.
Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in assemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy of our conference:
In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it, that the man was mad:
The venom clamours of a jealous woman,
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing:
And therefore comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings:
Unquiet meals make ill digestions,
Therefore the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls:
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast:
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enter in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myself;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness,
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

[*Exit Abbess.*

Adr. Come, go; I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I am sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publickly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke, before he pass the abbey.

Enter the Duke, and ÆGEON *bare-headed; with the Headsman and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publickly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him,
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be, that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholis, my husband,—
Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,—this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him;
That desperately he hurry'd through the street

(With him his bondman, all as mad as he),
Doing displeasure to the citizens
By rushing in their houses, bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed.
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chac'd us away; 'till, raising of more aid,
We came again to bind them: then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;
And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

Duke. Long since, thy husband serv'd me in my wars;
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.—
Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,
And bid the lady abbess come to me;
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save yourself!
My

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair:
My master preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjuror.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy master and his man are here;
And that is false, thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take you;
To scorch your face, and to disfigure you:
[*Cry within.*
Hark, hark, I hear him mistress; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me, fear nothing: Guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband! Witness you,
That he is borne about invisible:
Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here;
And now he's there, past thought of human reason.

Enter ANTIPHOLIS *and* DROMIO *of Ephesus.*

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious duke, oh, grant me justice!
Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life; even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Ægeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son Antipholis, and Dromio.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there.
She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury!
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great duke, she shut the doors upon me,
Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault: Say, woman, did'st thou so?

Adr. No, my good lord;—myself, he, and my sister,
To-day did dine together: So befall my soul,
As this is false, he burdens me withal!

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your highness simple truth!

Ang. O perjur'd woman! They are both forsworn.
In this the madman justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My liege, I am advised what I say;
Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash, provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit, my wrongs might make one wiser mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner:
That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witness it, for he was with me then,
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promising to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him: in the street I met him;
And in his company, that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not: for the which,
He did arrest me with an officer.
I did obey; and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats: he with none return'd.
Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.
By the way we met my wife, her sister, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
Along with them
They brought one Pinch; a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller;
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
And with no face, as it were, out-facing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd: then altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together;
'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds in sunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace; whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction
For these deep shames and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my lord: and when he ran in here,
These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears of mine
Heard you confess, you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey-walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me:
I never saw the chain, so help me heaven!
And this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this!
I think, you all have drank of Circe's cup.
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly:—
You say, he din'd at home; the goldsmith here
Denies that saying:—Sirrah, what say you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did; and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your grace.

Duke. Why, this is strange:—Go call the abbess hither;
I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbess.*

Ægeon.

Ægeon. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me speak a word;
Haply, I see a friend, will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, sir, call'd Antipholis?
And is not that your bondman Dromio?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man, unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure, you both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life, 'till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me, since you saw me last;
And careful hours, with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ægeon. I am sure, thou dost.

E. Dro. Ay, sir?
But I am sure, I do not; and whatsoever
A man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, time's extremity!

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholis.

E. Ant. I never saw my father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis *Syracusan, and* Dromio *Syracusan.*

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd. [*All gather to see him.*

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the other;
And so of these: Which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?




SHAKSPEARE.
COMEDY of ERRORS.
If I dream not, thou art Emelia!
Act 5. Scene 1.
Hamilton del.
Bartolozzi sculp.

Act COMEDY of ERRORS. Scene



Rumbold del.t C. Sherwin sculp.t

Mrs INCHBALD in the Character of LADY ABBESS

Art thou best the same Aegeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Emilia!

Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand London April 25th 1785.

S. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.
E. Dro. I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.
S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?
S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That had'st a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
Oh, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholis's, these two so like,
And those two Dromio's, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio, and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
S. Ant. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.

Duke.

Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are you not my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say, nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so;
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.

S. Ant. I think it be, sir; I deny it not.

E. Ant. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think, I did, sir; I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

S. Dro. No, none by me.

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon these Errors are arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cour.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:—
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathized one day's Error
Have suffer'd wrong, go, keep us company,
And ye shall have full satisfaction.—
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
Of you, my sons; and, till this present hour,
My heavy burden not delivered:—
The duke, my husband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me;
After so long grief such nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt.*

Manent the two ANTIPHOLIS's, *and two* DROMIO's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, Dromio:
Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

Exeunt ANTIPHOLIS, *S. and E.* *S. Dro.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner;
She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:
I see by you, I am a sweet-fac'd youth.
Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:
How shall we try it?

S. Dro. We will draw
Cuts for the senior; till then lead thou first.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus:
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*

THE END.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON THE

COMEDY of ERRORS,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

——*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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M DCC LXXXVII.



ANNOTATIONS

UPON THE

COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I.

Page 4. *Scene Ephesus.*] In the old copy, these brothers are occasionally styled, Antipholus *Erotes*, or *Errotis*; and Antipholus *Sereptus*; meaning, perhaps—*erraticus*, and *surreptus*. One of these twins *wandered* in search of his brother who had been *forced* from Æmilia, by fishermen of Corinth. The following acrostick is the argument to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus: Delph. Edit. p. 654.

Mercator Siculus, cui erant gemini filii,
Ei, surrepto altero, mors obtigit.
Nomen surreptitii illi indit qui domi est
Avus paternus, facit Menæchmum Sosiclem.
Et is germanum, postquam adolevit, quæritat
Circum omnes oras. Post Epidamnum devenit:
Hic fuerat auctus ille surreptitius.

Menæchmum civem credunt omnes advenam:
Eumque appellant, meretrix, uxor, et socer,
Ii se cognoscunt fratres postremo invicem.

The *translator* W. W. calls the brothers, Menæchmus *Sosicles*, and *Menæchmus* the *Traveller*. Whencesoever Shakspere adopted *erraticus* and *surreptus* (which either he or his editors have mis-spelt) these distinctions were soon dropt, and throughout the rest of the entries the *twins* are styled of *Syracuse* or *Ephesus*.

See this translation of the *Menæchmi*, among *six old Plays on which Shakspere founded*, &c. published by S. Leacroft, Charing-Cross.

At Stationers-Hall, Nov. 15, 1613: "A booke called *Two Twinnes*," was entered by Geo. Norton. Such a play indeed, by W. Rider, was published in 4to. 1655. And Langbaine suspects it to be much older than the date annexed: otherwise the *Twins* might have been regarded as Shakspere's *Comedy of Errors*, under another title. STEEVENS.

Page 5. Comedy of Errors.] I suspect this and all other plays where much rhime is used, and especially long hobbling verses, to have been among Shakspere's more early productions. BLACKSTONE.

A play with this title was exhibited at Gray's-Inn, in December 1594; but it was probably a translation from Plautus.—"After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors* (*like* to Plautus his *Menechmus*) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end in nothing but confusion and errors. Whereupon

Whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors.*" *Gesta Grayorum*, 1688. The Registers of Gray's-Inn have been examined, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the play above mentioned was our author's;—but they afforded no information on the subject. MALONE.

Line 34. *Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.*] All his hearers understood that the punishment he was about to undergo was in consequence of no private crime, but of the publick enmity between two states, to one of which he belonged: but it was a general superstition amongst the ancients, that every great and sudden misfortune was the vengeance of heaven pursuing men for their secret offences. Hence the sentiment put into the mouth of the speaker was proper. By my past life (says he), which I am going to relate, the world may understand, that my present death is according to the ordinary course of Providence [*wrought by nature*] and not the effects of divine vengeance overtaking me for my crimes [*not by vile offence.*] WARBURTON.

133. *Roaming* clean *through the bounds of Asia.*] In the northern parts of England this word is still used instead of *quite, fully, perfectly, completely.* So, in *Julius Cæsar:*

"*Clean* from the purpose of the things themselves." STEEVENS.

157. ——*wend,*] *i. e.* go. See catch-word Alphabet.

222. ——*I shall be* post *indeed,*
For she will score your fault upon my pate.] Perhaps before writing was a general accomplishment, a kind of rough reckoning concerning wares issued out of a shop, was kept by chalk on a *post*, till it could be entered on the books of a trader. So, *Kitely*, the merchant, making his jealous inquiries concerning the familiarities used to his wife, *Cob* answers:——

"——if I saw any body to be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the *post* in the middle of the warehouse," &c. STEEVENS.

224. *Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your* clock.] The only authentick ancient copy of this play reads "your *cook*." Mr. Pope, I believe, made the change. MALONE.

237. ——*that merry* sconce *of yours,*] *Sconce* is *head.* So in *Hamlet*, act v. "——why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the *sconce?*" STEEVENS.

254. ——*o'er-raught*—] That is *over-reached.* JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet:*

"————certain players
"We *o'er-raught* on the way." STEEVENS.

255. *They say, this town is full of cozenage;*] This was the character the ancients gave of it. WARBURTON.

257. Dark-working *sorcerers, that change the mind,*
Soul-killing *witches, that deform the body;*] Perhaps

haps the epithets have been misplaced, and the lines should be read thus:

Soul-killing *sorcerers, that change the mind,*
Dark-working *witches, that deform the body*;]

By *soul-killing* I understand destroying the rational faculties by such means as make men fancy themselves beasts. JOHNSON.

Witches or sorcerers themselves, as well as those who employed them, were supposed to forfeit their souls by making use of a forbidden agency. In that sense they may be said to destroy the souls of others as well as their own. STEEVENS.

260. —*liberties of sin*:] Sir T. Hanmer reads, *libertines*; which, as the author has been enumerating not acts but persons, seems right. JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 14. ADR. *There's none but asses will be bridled so.*
LUC. *Why head-strong liberty is* lash'd *with woe.*] Should it not rather be *leash'd, i. e.* coupled, like a head-strong hound?

The high opinion I must necessarily entertain of the learned Lady's judgment, who furnished this observation, has taught me to be diffident of my own, which I am now to offer.

The meaning of this passage may be, that those who refuse the *bridle* must bear the *lash*; and that woe is

the punishment of head-strong liberty. It may be observed, however, that the seamen still use *lash* in the same sense as *leash*; as does Greene in his *Mamillia*, 1593: "Thou didst counsel me to beware of love, and I was before in the *lash*." Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576: "Yet both in *lashe* at length this Cressid leaves." *Lace* was the old English word for a *cord*, from which verbs have been derived very differently modelled by the chances of pronunciation. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"To thee, Cassandra, which dost hold my freedom in a *lace*."

When the mariner, however, *lashes* his guns, the sportsman *leashes* his dogs, the female *laces* her clothes, they all perform one act of fastening with a *lace* or *cord*. Of the same original is the word *windlass*, or more properly *windlace*, an engine, by which a *lace* or *cord* is wound upon a barrel.

To *lace* likewise signified to bestow correction with a cord, or rope's end. So in the Second Part of *Decker's Honest Whore*, 1630:

"———the lazy lowne
"Gets here hard hands, or *lac'd* correction."

Again, in *The Two angry Women of Abingdon*, 1599:

"So, now my back has room to reach; I do not love to be *laced* in, when I go to *lace* a rascal."

STEEVENS.

30. ———*start some other* where?] I cannot but think, that our author wrote:

———*start some other* hare?

So,

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Cupid is said to be *a good hare-finder*. JOHNSON.

I suspect that *where* has here the power of a *noun*. So, in *Lear*:

"Thou losest *here* a better *where* to find."

Again, in Tho. Drant's translation of Horace's Satires, 1567:

"———they ranged in eatche *where*,

"No spousailes knowne," &c.

The sense is, *How, if your husband fly off in pursuit of some other woman?* The expression is used again, sc. 3.

"———his eye doth homage *otherwhere*."

STEEVENS.

32. ———*though she pause*;] To *pause* is to rest, to be in quiet. JOHNSON.

41. —*fool'd-begg'd*—] She seems to mean, by *fool'd-begg'd patience*, that *patience* which is so near to *idiotical simplicity*, that your next relation would take advantage from it to represent you as a *fool*, and *beg* the guardianship of your fortune. JOHNSON.

54. ——*that I could scarce* understand *them*.] *i. e.* that I could scarce *stand under* them. This quibble, poor as it is, seems to have been the favourite of Shakspere. It has been already introduced in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"——my staff *understands* me." STEEVENS.

83. *Am I so round with you, as you with me.*] He plays upon the word *round*, which signified *spherical* applied to himself, and *unrestrained*, or *free in speech* or *action*, spoken

spoken of his mistress. So the king, in *Hamlet*, bids the queen be *round* with her son. JOHNSON.

86. ——*case me in leather*,] Still alluding to a foot-ball, the bladder of which is always covered with leather. STEEVENS.

99. *Of my* defeatures.] By *defeatures* is here meant *alteration of features*. At the end of this play the same word is used with a somewhat different signification. STEEVENS.

99. ——*My decayed fair*] Shakspere uses the adjective *gilt*, as a substantive, for *what is gilt*, and in this instance *fair* for *fairness*. In the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the old quartos read:

"Demetrius loves your *fair*." STEEVENS.

Fair is frequently used *substantively* by the writers of Shakspere's time. So Marston in one of his satires:

"As the greene meads, whose native outward *faire*
"Breathes sweet perfumes into the neighbour air." FARMER.

101. ——*too unruly deer*,——] The ambiguity of *deer* and *dear* is borrowed, poor as it is, by Waller, in his poem on the *Ladies Girdle*:

"This was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
"The pale that held my lovely *deer*."

JOHNSON.

Shakspere has played upon this word in the same manner in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Fondling,

"Fondling, saith she, since I have hemm'd thee here,
"Within the circuit of this ivory *pale*,
"I'll be the park, and thou shalt be my *deer*,
"Feed where thou wilt on mountain or on dale."

The lines of Waller seem to have been immediately copied from these. MALONE.

102. ——*poor I am but his stale.*] I believe my learned coadjutor mistakes the use of the word *stale* on this occasion. "*Stale* to catch these thieves;" *Stale* here seems to imply the same as *stalking-horse*; *pretence*. I am, says Adriana, but his *pretended wife*, the mask under which he covers his amours. So, in *K. John* and *Matilda*, by Robert Davenport, 1655, the queen says to Matilda:

"——I am made your *stale*,
"The king, the king your strumpet," &c.

Again in the old translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595, from whence Shakspere borrowed the expression:

"He makes me a *stale* and a laughing-stock."

STEEVENS.

110. *I see, the jewel, best enamelled,*
Will lose his beauty; and the *gold 'bides still,*]

I would read:

——————*and* though *gold 'bides still*, &c.

and the rest, with Dr. Warburton. STEEVENS.

146. *And make a common of my serious hours.*] *i. e.* intrude on them when you please. The allusion is to those

those tracts of ground destined to *common* use, which are thence called *commons*. STEEVENS.

155. *and* insconce *it too,*) A *sconce* was a petty fortification.

So in *Orlando Furioso*, 1599:

"Let us to our *sconce*, and you my lord of Mexico."

Again:

"Ay, sirs, *ensconce* you how you can."

Again:

"And here *ensconce* myself despight of thee."

STEEVENS.

178. *Lest it make you cholerick*, &c.] So in the *Taming of the Shrew*:

"I tell thee Kate, 'twas burnt and dry'd away,
"And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
"For it engenders *choler*, planteth anger," &c.

STEEVENS.

200. *Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.*] That is, *Those who have more hair than wit*, are easily entrapped by loose women, and suffer the consequences of lewdness; one of which, in the first appearance of the disease in Europe, was the loss of hair. JOHNSON.

So in the *Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"His *hair sheds off*, and yet he speaks not so much in the nose as he did before." STEEVENS.

210. ——*falsing*.] This word is now obsolete. Spenser and Chaucer often use the verb to *false*. STEEVENS.

231.

231. *That never words were musick to thine ear.*] Imitated by Pope:

"My musick then you could for ever hear,
"*And all my words were musick to your ear.*"

Epistle from Sapho to Phaon. MALONE.

242. ——*may'st thou* fall] To *fall* is here a verb active. STEEVENS.

See catch-word Alphabet.

257. *I am possess'd with an adulterate* blot;
My blood is mingled with the CRIME *of lust:*]
Both the integrity of the metaphor, and the word *blot*, in the preceding line, shew that we should read:

————*with the* GRIME *of lust:*

i. e. the *stain*, smut. So again in this play—*A man may go over shoes in the* GRIME *of it.* WARBURTON.

261. *Being* strumpeted] Shakspere is not singular in his use of this verb. So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

"By this adultress basely *strumpeted.*"

Again:

"I have *strumpeted* no Agamemnon's queen."

STEEVENS.

263. *I live* dis-stain'd, *thou undishonour'd.*] To *distain* (from the French word, *destaindre*) signifies, to *stain, defile, pollute.* But the context requires a sense quite opposite. We must either read, *unstain'd*; or, by adding an *hyphen*, and giving the preposition *a privative* force, read *dis-stain'd*; and then it will mean, *unstain'd, undefil'd.* THEOBALD.

I would read:

I live distained, thou dishonoured.

That is, As long as thou continuest to dishonour thyself, I also live distained. REVISAL.

288. ——*you are from me* exempt,] *Exempt*, separated, parted. The sense is, *If I am doomed to suffer the wrong of separation, yet injure not with contempt me who am already injured.* JOHNSON.

291. *Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine*;——]

"Lenta qui velut assitas
"Vitis implicat arbores,
"Implicabitur in tuum
"Complexum." *Catull.*

So Milton, *Par. Lost.* B. v:

"——They led the vine
"To wed her elm. She spous'd, about him twines
"Her marriageable arms." MALONE.

295. ——idle *moss.*] *i. e* moss that produces no fruit, but being unfertile is useless. So in *Othello:*

——antres vast and desarts *idle.* STEEVENS.

303. ——*the* favour'd *fallacy.*] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads:

——*the* free'd *fallacy.*

Which perhaps was only, by mistake, for

——*the* offer'd *fallacy.*

This conjecture is from an anonymous correspondent. STEEVENS.

307. *We talk with goblins,* owls, *and elvish sprights*;] It was an old popular superstition, that the screech-owl sucked out the breath and blood of infants in the cradle. On this account, the Italians called witches, who were supposed to be in like manner mischievously

bent against children, *strega* from *strix*, the *screech-owl*. This superstition they had derived from their pagan ancestors, as appears from this passage of Ovid,

Sunt avidæ volucres, non quæ Phineia mensis
Guttura fraudabant; sed genus inde trahunt.
Grande caput; *stantes oculi*; *rostra apta rapinæ*;
Canities pennis, unguibus hamus inest.
Nocte molant, PUEROSQUE PETUNT *nutricis egentes*,
Et vitiant CUNIS *corpora rapta suis.*
Carpere dicuntur luctantia viscera rostris,
Et plenum poto sanguine *guttur habent.*
Est illis strigibus *nomen*:————Lib. vi. Fast.

WARBURTON.

Ghastly owls accompany *elvish ghosts*, in *Spenser's* Shepherd's *Calendar* for *June*. So in *Sherringham's* Discerptatio de Anglorum Gentis Origine, p. 333. "Lares, Lemures, *Stryges*, Lamiæ, *Manes* (Gastæ dicti) et similes monstrorum Greges, Elvarum Chorea dicebatur." Much the same is said in *Olaus Magnus de Gentibus Septentrionalibus*, p. 112, 113. TOLLET.

Owls are also mentioned in *Cornu-Copiæ, or Pasquil's Night-Cap, or Antidote for the Headach*, 1623. p. 38:

"Dreading no dangers of the darkesome night,
"No *oules*, hobgoblins, ghosts, nor water-spright."

Again, in the *London Prodigal*, a comedy, 1605:

"'Soul, I think I am sure cross'd or *witch'd* with an *owl*." MALONE.

The epithet *elvish* is not in the *first* folio, but is found in the *second.* STEEVENS.

326. *And shrive you*———] That is, I will *call you to confession,* and make you tell your tricks. JOHNSON.

So in *Hamlet*: "——not *shriving* time allow'd." STEEVENS.

ACT III.

Line 4. CARKANET,] Seems to have been a necklace or rather chain, perhaps hanging down double from the neck. So Lovelace in his poem:

"*The empress spreads her* carcanets." JOHNSON.

"*Quarquan,* ornement d'or qu'on mit au col des damoiselles." *Le Grand Dict. de Nicot.*

A *Carkanet* seems to have been a necklace set with stones, or strung with pearls. Thus in *Parthenia Sacra,* &c. 1633: "Seeke not vermilion or ceruse in the face, bracelets of oriental pearls on the wrist, rubie *carkanets* on the neck, and a most exquisite fan of feathers in the hand." STEEVENS.

16. *Marry, so it doth appear*

By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear.] He first says, that his *wrongs* and *blows* prove him an *ass*; but immediately, with a correction of his former sentiment, such as may be hourly observed in conversation,

coversation, he observes that, if he had been an *ass*, he should, when he was *kicked*, have *kicked* again.

JOHNSON.

34. *Mome,*] a dull stupid blockhead, a stock, a post. This owes its original to the French word *Momon*, which signifies the gaming at dice in masquerade; the custom and rule of which is, that a strict silence is to be observed: whatever sum one stakes, another covers, but not a word is to be spoken: from hence also comes our word *mum!* for silence.

HAWKINS.

So in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:

"Important are th' affairs we have in hand;
"Hence with that *Mome!*"
"—*Brutus*, forbear the presence." STEEVENS.

38. ——*patch!*] *i. e.* fool. See catch-word Alphabet. STEEVENS.

44. ——*I* owe?] *i. e.* I *own*. STEEVENS.

58. ——*I* trow.] The old copy reads, *I hope*.

STEEVENS.

74. ——*we shall part with neither.*] In our old language, *to part* signified *to have part*. See Chaucer, Cant. Tales, ver. 9504:

"That no wight with his blisse *parten* shall."

The French use *partir* in the same sense. TYRWHITT.

79. ——*bought and sold.*] This is a proverbial phrase. "To be *bought and sold* in a company." See Ray's Collection, p. 179. edit. 1737. STEEVENS.

89. ——*we'll pluck a crow together.*] We find the

same quibble on a like occasion in one of the comedies of Plautus.

The children of distinction among the Greeks and Romans had usually birds of different kinds given them for their amusement. This custom Tyndarus in the *Captives* mentions, and says, that for his part he had

———*tantum upupam.*

Upupa signifies both a *lapwing* and a *mattock*, or some instrument of the same kind, employed to dig stones from the quarries. STEEVENS.

96. Once this—*your long experience of her wisdom.*] *Once this*, may mean, *Once for all:* let me recommend *this* to your consideration. STEEVENS.

100. ———*the doors are* made *against you.*] To *make* the door, is the expression used to this day in some counties of England, instead of, *to bar the door.* STEEVENS.

108. *Supposed by the common rout*] *Supposed* is *founded on supposition*, made by conjecture. JOHNSON.

The second folio has *once*; which rather improves the sense, and is not inconsistent with the metre. TYRWHITT.

115. *And, in despight of* mirth,—] Though mirth hath withdrawn herself from me, and seems determined to avoid me, yet in despight of her, and whether she will or not, I am resolved to be merry. REVISAL.

131. —*that you have quite forgot*] In former copies: *And*

And may it be, that you have quite forgot
An husband's office? Shall Antipholis,
Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot?
Shall love in buildings *grow so ruinate?*

This passage has hitherto labour'd under a double corruption. What conceit could our editors have of *love in buildings* growing ruinate? Our poet meant no more than this: Shall thy love-springs rot, even in the spring of love? and shall thy love grow ruinous, even while 'tis but building up? The next corruption is by an accident at press, as I take it; this scene for fifty-two lines successively is strictly in alternate rhimes; and this measure is never broken, but in the *second* and *fourth* lines of these two couplets. 'Tis certain, I think, a monosyllable dropt from the tail of the second verse: and I have ventured to supply it by, I hope, a probable conjecture. THEOBALD.

Love-springs are young plants of love. Thus in the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"The nightingale among the thick-leav'd *springs*
"That sits alone in sorrow." STEEVENS.

Love-springs I believe, are not the *young* plants *of love*, but the SHOOTS. Love is here considered by Luciana, as a root or stock in the heart of Antipholis, the first (or what is called the maiden) growth of which having been lopped off by marriage, a renovation of shoots springs forth. This sense of the metaphor is confirmed by the following passage from Evelyn:—"There are some who would have no stakes cut from the trees, save here and there one, so as to leave

leave half the head naked, and the other standing; but the overhanging bows will kill what is under them, and ruin the tree; so pernicious is this half-topping: let this be a total amputation for a *new and lusty* SPRING." See Mr. Tollet's note on *Coriolanus*, act v. line 134.

The *thick-leaved* SPRINGS, in the passage from the *Faithful Shepherdess*, are the luxuriant young growth of the *coppice*, which are even the nightingale's favourite haunt. HENLEY.

Shall Love *in building grow so* ruinate?] So in our author's 119th Sonnet:

"And *ruin'd love*, when it is *built* anew.—"

In support of Theobald's emendation, a passage in our author's tenth Sonnet may be produced:

"——thou art so possess'd with murderous *hate*,
"That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,
"Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,
"Which to repair should be thy chief desire."

Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"To *ruinate* proud *buildings* with thy hours."

MALONE.

151. *Alas, poor women! make us* not *believe*, &c.] From the whole tenour of the context it is evident, that this negative (*not*), got place in the first copies instead of *but*. And these two monosyllables have by mistake reciprocally dispossess'd one another in many other passages of our author's works. THEOBALD.

152.

152. *Being compact of credit*, means, *being made altogether of credulity.* So in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1633:

"———she's *compact*
"Merely of blood———" STEEVENS.

157. ——*vain*,] is *light of tongue, not veracious.* JOHNSON.

175. ——*sweet* mermaid,] *Mermaid* is only another name for *syren*. So in the Index to P. Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* "*Mermaids* in Homer were witches, and their songs enchauntements." STEEVENS.

179. —*as a* bed *I'll take thee*,] The old copy reads —*as a* bud.

Mr. Edwards suspects a mistake of one letter in the passage, and would read:

And as a bed I'll take *them*, and there lye.

Perhaps, however, both the ancient readings may be right:

As a *bud* I'll take *thee*, &c.

i. e. I, like an insect, will take thy bosom for a rose, or some other flower, and,

"——phœnix like, beneath thine eye
"Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die."

It is common for Shakspere to shift hastily from one image to another.

Mr. Edward's conjecture may, however, receive support from the following passage in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, act i. sc 2:

"——my

"———my bosom as a *bed*
"Shall lodge thee." STEEVENS.

The second folio has *bed*. TYRWHITT.

182. ———*if* she *sink!*] I know not to whom the pronoun *she* can be referred. I have made no scruple to remove a letter from it. The author of the *Revisal* has the same observation. STEEVENS.

The author of REMARKS, however, thinks there can be little doubt but that the pronoun *she* must be referred to Love, that is Venus; and Mr. Reed, in confirmation of this interpretation, cites the following lines from the old ballad of *The Spanish Lady*:

"I will spend my days in prayer,
"*Love* and all HER laws defy."

184. *Not mad, but* mated,] *i. e.* confounded. So in *Macbeth*:

"*My mind she has* mated, *and amaz'd my sight.*"
STEEVENS.

187. *Gaze* where] The old copy reads, *when*. STEEVENS.

196. *My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.*] When he calls the girls his *only heaven on the earth*, he utters the common cant of lovers. When he calls her *his heaven's claim*, I cannot understand him. Perhaps he means that which he asks of heaven. JOHNSON.

198. ——*for I* mean *thee*:] Thus the modern editors. The folio reads,

——*for I* am *thee*.

Perhaps we should read:

——*for I* aim *thee*.

He has just told her, that she was his *sweet hope's* aim.

So

So in *Orlando Furioso*, 1594:

" ——like Cassius,

" Sits sadly dumping, *aiming* Cæsar's death."

Again, in Drayton's Legend of *Robert Duke of Normandy*:

" I make my changes *aim* one certain end."

STEEVENS.

243. S. Ant. *What's her name?*

S. Dro. *Nell, sir; but her name* is *three quarters; that is, an ell and three quarters, &c.*] This passage has hitherto lain as perplexed and unintelligible, as it is now easy and truly humourous. If a *conundrum* be restored, in setting it right, who can help it? I owe the correction to the sagacity of the ingenious Dr. Thirlby.

THEOBALD.

This poor conundrum is borrowed by Massinger in *The Old Law*, 1653:

" *Cook.* That *Nell* was Hellen of Greece.

" *Clown.* As long as she tarried with her husband she was *Ellen*, but after she came to Troy she was *Nell* of Troy.

" *Cook.* Why did she grow shorter when she came to Troy?

" *Clown.* She grew longer, if you mark the story, when she grew to be an ell," &c. MALONE.

257. S. Ant. *Where France?*

S. Dro. *In her forehead arm'd and reverted, making war against her* hair.] Our author here sports with an allusion, in which he takes too much delight, and means that his mistress had the French disease. The ideas are rather too offens ve to be dilated. By a fore-

head

head *armed*, he means covered with incrusted eruptions: by *reverted*, he means having the hair turning backward. JOHNSON.

271. ——*to be* ballasted] Thus the modern editors. The old copy reads only *ballast*, which may be right. Thus in *Hamlet*:

"————to have the engineer
"*Hoits* with his own petar." i. e. *hoisted*.

STEEVENS.

275. —*assured* to her;] *i. e.* affianced to her. Thus in *K. John*:

"For so I did when I was first *assur'd*."

STEEVENS.

280. *And, I think, if my breast had not been made of* faith, *&c.*] Alluding to the superstition of the common people, that nothing could resist a witch's power of transforming men into animals, but a great share of *faith*: however the Oxford editor thinks *a breast made of flint*, better security, and has therefore put it in. WARBURTON.

305. ——*at the Porpentine*:] It is remarkable, that throughout the old editions of Shakspere's plays, the word *Porpentine* is used instead of *Porcupine*. Perhaps it was so pronounced at that time.

I have since observed the same spelling in the plays of other ancient authors. Mr. Tollet finds it likewise in p. 66. of Ascham's Works, by Bennet, and in Stowe's Chronicle, in the years 1117. 1135. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.

Line 4. ——WANT gilders] A *gilder* is a coin valued from one shilling and six-pence, to two shillings. STEEVENS.

8. *Is* growing *to me*——] *i. e.* accruing to me. STEEVENS.

95. ——*thou* peevish *sheep*,] *Peevish* is *silly*. So in *Cymbeline*:

"Desire my man's abode where I did leave him:
"He's strange and *peevish*." STEEVENS.

See catch-word Alphabet.

112. *Where* Dowsabel—] This name occurs in one of Drayton's Pastorals:

"He had, as antique stories tell,
"A daughter cleaped *Dowsabel*," &c.
STEEVENS.

121. ——*meteors tilting in his face?*] Alluding to these meteors in the sky, which have the appearance of lines of armies meeting in the shock. WARBURTON.

The allusion is more clearly explained by the following comparison in the second book of *Paradise Lost*:

"As when to warn proud cities, war appears
"Wag'd in the troubled sky, and armies rush
"To battle in the clouds, before each van
"Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their spears

"Till thickest legions close; with feats of arms,
"From either end of heaven the welkin burns."
STEEVENS.

136. *sere,*] That is, *dry*, withered. JOHNSON.

139. *Stigmatical in making,*——] That is, *marked* or *stigmatized* by nature with deformity, as a token of his vicious disposition. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Wonder of a Kingdom*, 1636:

"If you spy any man that hath a look,
"*Stigmatically* drawn, like to a fury's," &c.
STEEVENS.

144. *Far from her nest the* lapwing, &c.] This expression seems to be proverbial. I have met with it in many of the old comic writers. Greene, in his Second Part of *Coney-Catching*, 1592, says:——"But again to our priggers, who, as before I said, *cry with the lapwing farthest from the nest*, and from their place of residence where their most abode is." And several others.

See this passage yet more amply explained in a note on *Measure for Measure*, act i. line 374. STEEVENS.

151. ——*an* everlasting *garment*] *Everlasting* was in the time of Shakspere, as well as at present, the name of a kind of durable stuff. The quibble intended here, is likewise met with in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Hater*:

"————I'll quit this transitory
"Trade, and get me an *everlasting* robe,
"Sear up my conscience, and turn *serjeant*."
STEEVENS.

153.

153. *A fiend*, a fairy, *pitiless and rough*;] Dromio here bringing word in haste that his master is arrested, describes the bailiff by names proper to raise horror and detestation of such a creature, such as, a *devil*, a *fiend*, a *wolf*, &c. But how does *fairy* come up to these terrible ideas? we should read, *a fiend, a fury*, &c. THEOBALD.

There were fairies like *hobgobblins*, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous. JOHNSON.

155. *A back friend, a shoulder-clapper*, &c. *of alleys, creeks, and* narrow lands;] It should be written, I think, *narrow lanes*, as he has the same expression, *Richard* II. act v. scene 6.

"*Even such they say as stand in* narrow lanes." GREY.

Narrow-LANDS is certainly the true reading, as not only the rhime points out, but the sense; for as a *creek* is a narrow-water, forming an inlet from the main body into the neighbouring shore, so a narrow land is an outlet or tongue of the shore that runs into the water.—Besides, *narrow* LANES and ALLEYS are synonymous. HENLEY.

A *shoulder-clapper* is a bailiff:

"——fear none but these same *shoulder-clappers*."

Decker's Satiromastix. STEEVENS.

157. *A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well*;] To *run counter* is to *run backward*, by mistaking the course of the animal pursued; to *draw dry-foot* is, I believe, to pursue by the *track* or *prick of the foot*; to *run counter* and *draw dry-foot well*, are, there-

fore, inconsistent. The jest consists in the ambiguity of the word *counter*, which means the *wrong way in the chase*, and a *prison* in London. The officer that arrested him was a serjeant of the *counter*. For the congruity of this jest, with the scene of action, let our author answer. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson has the same expression; *Every Man in his Humour*, act ii. sc. 4.

"Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my young, *dry-foot* over Moorfields to London this morning," &c.

To draw *dry-foot*, is when the dog pursues the game by the scent of the foot; for which the blood-hound is fam'd. GREY.

158. ——*poor souls to hell.*] *Hell* was the cant term for on obscure dungeon in any of our prisons. It is mentioned in the *Counter-Rat*, a poem, 1658:

"In Wood-Street's-Hole, or Poultry's *Hell*."

There was likewise a place of this name under the Exchequer-Chamber, where the king's debtors were confined till they had paid the uttermost farthing. STEEVENS.

160. ——*on the case.*] An action upon the case, is a general action given for the redress of a wrong done any man without force, and not especially provided for by law. GREY.

167. ——*was he arrested on a* band?] Thus the old copy, and I believe rightly; though the modern editors read *bond*. A bond, *i. e.* an obligatory writing to pay a sum of money, was anciently spelt *band*.

A *band*

A *band* is likewise a *neckcloth*. On this circumstance I believe the humour of the passage turns.

So, in *Histriomastix*, 1610:

"———tye fast your lands
"In statute staple, or these merchants' *bands*."

STEEVENS.

179. *If* time *be in debt*,] The old edition reads—If *I* be in debt. STEEVENS.

197. —*what have you got the picture old Adam new apparell'd?*] A short word or two must have slipt out here, by some accident in copying, or at press; otherwise I have no conception of the meaning of the passage. The case is this: Dromio's master had been arrested, and sent his servant home for money to redeem him: he, running back with the money, meets the twin Antipholis, whom he mistakes for his master, and seeing him clear of the officer before the money was come, he cries, in a surprise;

What, have you got rid *of the picture of old Adam new apparell'd?*

For so I have ventured to supply, by conjecture. But why is the officer called old Adam new apparell'd? The allusion is to Adam in his state of innocence going naked; and immediately after the fall, being cloath'd in a frock of skins. Thus he was new apparell'd: and, in like manner, the serjeants of the counter were formerly clad in buff, or calves-skin, as the author humorously a little lower calls it.

THEOBALD.

The explanation is very good, but the text does not require to be amended. JOHNSON.

These jests on Adam's dress are common among our old writers. So in *King Edward* III. 1599:

"The register of all varieties
"Since *leathern Adam* to this younger hour."

STEEVENS.

210. ——*he that* sets up his rest *to do more exploits with his mace, than a* MORRIS-*pike.*] *Sets up his rest*, is a phrase taken from military exercise. When gun-powder was first invented, its force was very weak compared to that in present use. This necessarily acquired fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artists improved the strength of their powder, the soldiers proportionably shortened their arms and artillery; so that the cannon which Froissart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to less than ten. This proportion likewise held in their muskets; so that till the middle of the last century, the musketeers always supported their pieces when they gave fire, with a *rest* stuck before them into the ground, which they called *setting up their rest*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling allusion too to the serjeant's office of arresting. WARBURTON.

This conjecture is very ingenious, yet the commentator talks unnecessarily of the *rest of a musket*, by which he makes the hero of the speech set up the *rest* of a *musket*, to *do exploits* with a *pike*. The *rest* of a *pike* was a common term, and signified, I believe,

the manner in which it was fixed to receive the rush of the enemy. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation of the *rest* of a *pike* is given without any clear idea of his subject; for how can a thing, which is represented by him as having a positive and distinct existence, be at the same time a mode only of some other thing, which depends for its efficacy upon it?—But, exclusive of this confusion, if a *pike* EVER HAD a *rest*, its primary use must have been to support the staff in *charging* an enemy, unless the weapon were merely defensive; and if the pike were only a weapon of defence, as described by the doctor, it would ill suit the purpose to which Shakspere has applied it:—"he that *sets up his* REST to do more exploits with his *mace*, than a *morris-pike*."

The phrase, *he that sets up his* REST, in this instance, signifies only, I believe *he that* TRUSTS—*is confident in his expectation.* Thus, Bacon:—"Sea-fights have been final to the war, but this is, when princes *set up their* REST upon the battle." Again, Clarendon—"they therefore resolved to *set up their* REST upon that stake, and to go through with it, or perish." This figure of speech is certainly derived from *the* REST which Dr. Warburton has described, as that was the only kind of rest which was ever SET UP. The REST *for the* SPEAR was of quite another nature. Dr. Johnson, however, seems to have supposed that the *spear* was the same weapon with the *pike*; but they were very different, and though the *spear*, in tilting, was used

used with a *rest*, neither the *pike*, nor *mace* (on which Shakspere here quibbles) ever was. HENLEY.

212. A *morris-pike*.] This is mentioned by the old writers as a formidable weapon. "*Morespikes* (says Langley in his translation of *Polydore Virgil*) were used first in the siege of Capua." And in *Reynard's Deliverance of certain Christians from the Turks*, "the English mariners laid about them with brown bills, halberts, and *morrice-pikes*." FARMER.

Polydore Virgil does not mention *morris-pikes* at the siege of Capua, though Langley's translation of him advances their antiquity so high. TOLLET.

So in Heywood's *King Edward* IV. 1626:

"Of the French were beaten down

"*Morris-pikes* and bowmen," &c.

Again, in Holinshed, p. 816:

"———— they entered the gallies again with *morris-pikes*, and fought," &c. STEEVENS.

Morris-pikes, or the pikes of the Moors, were excellent formerly; and since, the Spanish pikes have been equally famous. See Hartlib's Legacy, p. 48. TOLLET.

243. ——*if you do expect spoon-meat*, or *bespeak a long spoon*.] *Or*, which modern editors have thrown out of the text, signifies, *before*. Of this use of the word many instances occur in ancient writers. So in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"He shall be murdered *or* the guests come in."

See a note on *King John*, act iv. scene 3. STEEVENS.

The

The author of the REMARKS thinks the passage erroneously pointed, and says, that *or* is a mistake for *and*.

Cour. We'll mend our dinner here.

S. Dro, Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, *and* bespeak a long spoon.

320. ——*a* schoolmaster *called Pinch,*] Thus the old copy: in many country villages the pedagogue is still a reputed conjurer.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News:*

"I would have ne'er a cunning schoole-master in England: mean a cunning man as a schoole-master; that is a *conjuroar,*" &c. STEEVENS.

322. *Mistress,* respice finem, *respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, Beware the rope's end.*] These words seem to allude to a famous pamphlet of that time, wrote by Buchannan against the lord of Liddington; which ends with these words, *Respice finem, respice funem.* But to what purpose, unless our author could shew that he could quibble as well in English, as the other in Latin, I confess I know not. As for *prophesying like the parrot,* this alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words; with which, when any passenger was offended, it was the standing joke of the wise owner to say, *Take heed, sir, my parrot prophesies.* To this Butler hints, where, speaking of Ralpho's skill in augury, he says:

"*Could tell what subtlest parrots mean,*
"*That speak and think contrary clean;*

"*What*

"*What member 'tis of whom they talk,*
"*When they cry* rope, *and* walk, knave, walk!"
WARBURTON.

So in Decker's *Satiromastix:*

"But come, *respice funem.*" STEEVENS.

356. *Certes,*] i. e. *certainly.* STEEVENS.

Kitchen-vestal,] Her charge being like that of the vestal virgins, to keep the fire burning. JOHNSON.

396. —*thou* peevish *officer?*] This is the second time that in the course of this play, *peevish* has been used for *foolish.* STEEVENS.

406. ——unhappy *strumpet!*] *Unhappy* is here used in one of the senses of *unlucky*; i. e. *mischievous.* STEEVENS.

ACT V.

Line 64. THE copy] *i. e.* the theme. We still talk of setting *copies* for boys. STEEVENS.

81. *But moody and dull melancholy,* &c.] So in *King Henry* VI. Part I.

"But rather *moody* mad." MALONE.

82. *Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair;*] Shakspere could never make melancholy a *mate* in this line, and a *female* in the next. This was the foolish insertion of the first editors. I have therefore put it into hooks, as spurious. WARBURTON.

The

The defective metre of the second line, is a plain proof that some dissyllable hath been dropped there. I think it therefore probable our poet may have written:

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moodie [moping] *and dull melancholy,*
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair?
And, at their heels, a huge infectious troop.

REVISAL.

Kinsman means no more than *near relation.* Many words are used by Shakspere with much greater latitude. REMARKS.

83. *And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop.*] I have no doubt that the emendation proposed by Mr. Heath [" *their heels*"] is right. In the English manuscripts of our author's time the pronouns were generally expressed by abbreviations. In this very play we have already met *their* for *her*, which has been rightly amended:

" Among my wife and *their* confederates——."
Act iv. scene 1. MALONE.

107. —*a* formal *man again:*] See catch-word Alphabet. STEEVENS.

123. *The place of* death, *and sorry execution,*] The first and second folio read—" the place of *depth.*" Mr. Rowe made the change. MALONE.

——sorry *execution,*] So in *Macbeth:*

" Of *sorriest* fancies your companions making."

Sorry, had anciently a stronger meaning than at present. STEEVENS.

Thus,

Thus, Macbeth looking on his bloody hands after the murder of Duncan:

"This is a *sorry* sight!" HENLEY.

139. *Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,*
At your important *letters,*——] *Important* seems to be for *importunate.* JOHNSON.

So in one of Shakspere's Historical plays:

"——great France
"My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.

Again, in George Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"——yet won by *importance* accepted his courtesie."

Shakspere, who gives to all nations the customs of his own, seems, from this passage, to allude to a *court of wards* in Ephesus.

The *court of wards* was always considered as a grievous oppression. It is glanced at as early as in the old morality of *Hycke Scorner*:

"——these ryche men ben unkinde:
"Wydowes do curse lordes and gentyllmen.
"For *they contrayne them to marry with theyr men,*
"Ye, wheder they wyll or no." STEEVENS.

148. —*to take* order] *i. e.* to *take measure.* So, in *Othello*, act v.

"Honest Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." STEEVENS.

152. *And, with his mad attendant* AND *himself,*] We should read:

——MAD *himself.* WARBURTON.

We might read,

And

And here *his mad attendant and himself.*

STEEVENS.

172. *Beaten the maids* a-row] *i. e.* Successively, one after another.

So in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath*, Tale v. 6836, late edit.

"A thousand times *a-row* he can hire kisse."

STEEVENS.

173. *Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire;*] Such a ludicrous circumstance is not unworthy of the farce in which we find it introduced; but is rather out of place in an epick poem, amidst all the horrors and carnage of a battle:

"*Obvius ambustum torrem Corynæus ab ara*
"*Corripit, et venienti Ebuso plagamque ferenti,*
"*Occupat os flammis. Olli ingens barba reluxit,*
"*Nidoremque ambusta dedit:*"

Virg. Æneid. lib. xii. 298. STEEVENS.

Shakspere was a great reader of Plutarch, where he might have seen this method of shaving in the life of Dion. p. 167, 4to. See North's translation, in which ἄνθραμι may be translated brands. S. W.

177. *His man with scissors nicks him like a fool:*] The force of this allusion I am unable to explain. Perhaps it was once the custom to cut the hair of ideots or jesters close to their heads. There is a proverbial simile—"Like *crop* the conjurer;" which might have been applied to either of these characters. STEEVENS.

There is a penalty of ten shillings in one of king Alfred's ecclesiastical laws, if one opprobriously *shave* a common man like a *fool*. TOLLET.

207. *with harlots*——] Antipholis did not suspect his wife of having entertained courtezans, but of having been confederate with cheats, to impose on him and abuse him, therefore he says to her, act i. sc. 4:

——————are these your customers, &c.

By this description he points out *Pinch* and his followers.

Harlot was a term of reproach applied to cheats among men, as well as to wantons among women. Thus, in the *Fox*, Corbacchio says to Volpone:

"——————Out *harlot!*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——for the *harlot* king
"Is quite beyond mine arm——"

The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 4 vol. 8vo. 1775, observes, that in *The Romaunt of the Rose*, v 6068, *King of Harlots* is Chaucer's Translation of *Roy des ribaulx*. Chaucer uses the word more than once:

"A sturdy *harlot* went hem ay behind,
"That was hir hosts man," &c.

Sompnoures Tale, v. 7336.

Again, in the *Dyers' Play*, among the Chester Collection in the Museum, Antichrist says to the male characters on the stage:

"Out on ye *harlots*, whence come ye?"

STEEVENS.

216. ——*I am advis'd*——] *i. e.* I am not going to speak precipitately or rashly, but on reflection and consideration. STEEVENS.

284. *mated,*] *i. e.* wild, foolish, from the Italian *matto.*

"I think you are all *fools* or madmen."

301. ——*deformed*] for *deforming.* STEEVENS.

302. ——*strange defeatures*] *Defeature* is the privative of *feature.* The meaning is, time hath cancelled my features. JOHNSON.

Defeatures are *undoings, miscarriages, misfortunes*; from *defaire,* Fr. So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond,* 1599:

"The day before the night of my *defeature,*
(*i. e.* undoing)
"He greets me with a casket richly wrought."

The sense is, I am *deformed, undone,* by misery. Misfortune has left its impression on my face. STEEVENS.

I rather think *defeatures* mean here, as in another place in this play, *alteration of feature,* or *deformity.* So in our author's *Venus and Adonis,* 1593:

"——To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
"To mingle beauty with infirmities,
"And pure perfection with *impure defeature.*"

If we understand by *defeatures,* in this place, *miscarriages,* or *misfortunes,* then we suppose Ægeon to say, "that careful hours, i. e. *misfortunes,* have written *misfortunes* in his face." MALONE.

Defeatures are certainly neither more nor less than *features*; as *demerits* are neither more nor less than *merits.* Time, says Ægeon, hath placed *new and strange*

features in my face; *i. e.* given it quite a different appearance; no wonder therefore thou dost not know me. REMARKS.

314. ——*this* grained *face*] *i. e.* furrow'd, like the *grain of wood.* So in *Coriolanus*:

"————my *grained* ash." STEEVENS.

321. *All these* OLD *witnesses* (*I cannot err*) I believe should be read:

All those OLD *witnesses cannot err.*

i. e. all these continue to testify that I cannot err, and tell me, &c. WARBURTON.

The old reading is the true one, as well as the most poetical. The words, *I cannot err*, should be thrown into a parenthesis. By *old witnesses*, I believe he means *experienced, accustom'd ones*, which are therefore less likely to err. So in the *Tempest*:

"If these be *true spies* that I wear in my head," &c. STEEVENS.

353. *Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,*] This is one of Shakspere's oversights. The abbess has not so much as hinted at the shipwreck. Perhaps, indeed, this and the next speech should change places. STEEVENS.

That however would scarcely remove the difficulty: the *next* speech is Ægeon's: both it and the following one should precede the duke's; or there is possibly a line lost. REMARKS.

405. *Twenty-five years*————] In former editions:

Thirty-three *years*,

'Tis

'Tis impossible the poet should be so forgetful, as to design this number here: and therefore I have ventured to alter it to *twenty-five*, upon a proof, that, I think, amounts to demonstration. The number, I presume, was at first wrote in figures, and perhaps, blindly; and thence the mistake might arise. Ægeon, in the first scene of the first act, is precise as to the time his son left him, in quest of his brother:

My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, &c.

And how long it was from the son's thus parting from his father, to their meeting again at Ephesus, where Ægeon, mistakingly, recognizes the twin-brother, for him, we as precisely learn from another passage in the fifth act:

Æge. *But* seven *years since, in Syracusa bay,*
Thou knowest we parted;

So that these two numbers, put together, settle the date of their birth beyond dispute. THEOBALD.

407. *My heavy burden* not *delivered*:] The old copy reads—"*are* delivered." I believe, the author wrote:

My heavy burdens *are not* deliver'd.

Printers sometimes omit words, but never insert a new word not in the manuscript, except where they mistake one word for another.—The compositor's eye might have passed over the word *not*; but *are* could scarcely

scarcely have been printed by mistake instead of it.

MALONE.

411. *After so long grief, such nativity!*] She has just said, that to her, her sons were not *born* till now. STEEVENS.

THE END.



